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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

IT appears that the negotiation of the final treaty of peace between Denmark and the German Powers proceeds but slowly, and that considerable difficulty is found in arranging the details both of the territorial and financial arrangements. But it is impossible to follow the course of this diplomatic fencing with much interest, because we know that practically the advantage is all on one side, and that when the greater Powers choose to insist on anything, the lesser must give way. There will, no doubt, for instance, be a good deal of ingenious discussion upon the claim of Denmark to cast upon the Duchies a share of her national debt, and upon the counter claim of the Duchies to a portion of the State property, and even of the fleet of Denmark. But there is little use in entangling ourselves with the intricacies of such a controversy, when M. von Bismarck stands by, ready to cut the Gordian knot with his sword, and to settle the question with his "*sic volo, sic jubeo*." Abandoned by her allies and professed friends, the Scandinavian kingdom may struggle gallantly in diplomacy as she has done in arms against overwhelming odds; but the bystanders cannot help seeing that she can only maintain a show of independence so long as her antagonists permit; and that, when they have made up their minds, she must submit. It is more important to note anything which indicates the policy of Austria and Prussia. We need not trouble ourselves with any but those two States; since it is quite clear that the rest of Germany is subsiding fast into its normal subserviency to the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. The fire of nationality which blazed up so brightly last year has now burnt down to the very embers. The Kings of Hanover, Saxony, and Bavaria, who threatened only the other day to set up for really independent sovereigns, have already repented of their imprudent resolution. No one even mentions the name of the Bund; and although a mysterious telegram did inform us, in the course of the week, that the King of Wurtemberg was about to place himself at the head of a league of the minor states, everyone saw at once that the rumour was a mere *canard*. To all outward appearance, the relations between Austria and Prussia are of the most friendly character. But it is said that there is still pending between them a question which may give rise to difficulties if not to differences. Before the former Power consents to play the game of the latter in the Duchies, she wishes to exact as the price of her compliance admission into the German Customs Union. To this Herr von Bismarck is understood to be averse; and, until some agreement can be come to, it is probable that the fate of Slesvig and Holstein will continue in suspense. It is true the Deputies of forty-

one out of fifty-one market towns who assembled the other day at Neumünster, declared that their constituents desired to be placed forthwith under the rule of Duke Frederic of Augustenburg. But it was one thing to pay attention to their wishes when they were directed to the dismemberment of Denmark, and it is quite another thing to respect them when they thwart the designs of their "liberators." As to what their fate may be we are still quite in the dark; but one thing is tolerably certain, that they will themselves have little or no influence in its decision.

The Duc de Persigny has been good enough to favour the Council-General of the Loire with an elaborate exposition of the nature and functions of existing French institutions and of the blessings of liberty as enjoyed in France. There is certainly considerable novelty both in his speculations and his facts. It is said that one must go from home to hear news of oneself; and certainly all Englishmen, except Mr. Bright and his followers, who profess to entertain a similar notion, will be surprised to learn that there is in this country "a whole electoral body, a whole political class, which, traditional heir of the Conquest, possesses, since William the Conqueror, all the means of influence." Nothing more exquisitely absurd than the idea that England is at present divided into Norman and Saxon can well be imagined, unless it be the further idea, that the aristocracy and the "governing classes" are exclusively composed of the former race. We can only account for its having got possession of M. de Persigny by supposing that he has been reading Debrett and Burke, and has taken seriously the fabulous pedigrees of the peerage therein contained. The Duke apparently holds the opinion of a foreign writer we lately met with, who states boldly that there is no such thing as a middle class in England. He could otherwise scarcely have overlooked the fact that this is really our "governing class;" nor have remained ignorant of the circumstance that it is no exclusive *caste* separated from the nation, and tyrannising over it, but is simply that portion of the people whose wealth and intelligence give them a natural preponderance, and render them the fittest representatives of the whole. As we have elsewhere discussed the ex-Minister's speech at some length, it is unnecessary to do here more than touch upon the leading principle of M. de Persigny's political theory. It is the great merit of the present *régime*, he tells us, that, adopting universal suffrage as its basis, it secures "the reciprocal independence of authority and liberty." Looking at the matter merely *à priori*, it is difficult to conceive how subjects can be said to enjoy liberty, if the sovereign is independent. Looking at the existing state of things in France, it is still more difficult to think that one object has not been gained at the expense of the

other. "Authority" is certainly very independent; but where is the "liberty" of a people who cannot hold meetings, who are liable to arbitrary arrest, who do not enjoy the power of self-government, whose press is muzzled, and whose representative assembly can neither initiate legislation nor control the executive?

The disturbances at Geneva, to which we referred in our last, have been suppressed by the Federal Commission, but the tranquillity of the city has not been entirely restored. The recent collision was not a mere casual riot, but the consequence of a long-standing and bitter antagonism between two parties, who have more than once previously fought out their quarrels in the streets. On the one side are ranged the Conservatives and the Calvinists; on the other, the Radicals and the Catholics. For many years past the city has been practically ruled by M. Fazy, the leader of the latter party. His financial mismanagement—if not malversation—has, however, lately rendered him exceedingly unpopular, and to this cause his defeat by M. Chenivère is mainly attributable. But it was also partly due to a suspicion that, although professedly a Liberal, he is in reality a Bonapartist, and desires to bring about the annexation of Geneva to France. Whether he does really entertain any such design is doubtful; but it is quite certain that he has more than once been mainly instrumental in disturbing the peace of the little republic by revolutionary movements; nor is it less clear that the frequent repetition of such occurrences as that which took place the other day is likely to lead the peace-loving and commercial classes to welcome the rule of the powerful empire by whom their territory is almost surrounded. From the report of the Federal Commission it is clear that the so-called Liberals were mainly responsible for these last disgraceful disturbances. Their representatives in the Council of State excited the just indignation of the opposite party by annulling the election of M. Chenivère on most frivolous grounds; and, although the Conservatives may not have been free from blame in protesting against this decision by a demonstration of a threatening character, it is incontestable that M. Fazy's adherents commenced the fight by firing, with every appearance of preparation and premeditation, upon an unarmed crowd.

The Austrian Government profess to have discovered an insurrectionary plot in the Italian Tyrol, and arrests have been lately made on a wholesale scale, both in that province and in Venetia. It is certainly just possible that a few hot-headed men may have planned an insurrectionary movement, but we confess that we do not think it at all probable. The kingdom of Italy is not yet in a position to throw down the gauntlet to Austria, and of course no help can be expected from other Powers. Yet without such aid it is difficult to believe that anyone could be mad enough to regard a rising as a feasible undertaking. We cannot help suspecting that the Austrian police know more about the alleged conspiracy than anyone else, and that it is, in fact, nothing more than an invention to lend some colour to arrests which they had previously determined to make. It would not be by any means the first time that similar tactics have been resorted to, and it will probably not be the last, if Venetia remains long subject to an alien rule. Perhaps, indeed, we ought to regard it as some slight acknowledgment to the power of public opinion, that it is now thought necessary to get up a conspiracy, find Garibaldi shirts and arms, and discover treasonable papers, in order to cover the acts of arbitrary power. Formerly the Government of Vienna would simply have arrested those whom it wished to secure under lock and key, without troubling itself to give any reason. In spite of all her troops and her fortifications, Austria, however, feels ill at ease in her Venetian dominions. She knows that the sympathy of all Europe (save Germany) is given to the people she so cruelly oppresses, and as the elaboration of a police conspiracy gives little trouble to her well-practised officials, she prudently resorts to this expedient, in order to mitigate the indignation which her conduct is calculated to excite. Such, if we could get at the truth, is in all likelihood the real history of a "plot" which, on the very face of it, is stamped with absurdity.

Home politics are a complete blank. Nothing is doing; and even the usual supply of extra-parliamentary utterances

has failed us during the present week. Perhaps the most amusing incident of a domestic character, which has lately diversified the dulness of the daily papers, is the correspondence between Mr. Aytoun and Mr. Berkeley. It seems that the former gentleman, who is an advanced Liberal of the most determined and impracticable sort, chose, in a letter to Mr. George Wilson, of Manchester, to impute to the honourable member for Bristol, that he was utterly insincere in his advocacy of the ballot. For this imputation he had, so far as we can see, no sort of foundation, nor did he attempt to support it when Mr. Berkeley challenged him to the proof. But we fully believe that there is much truth in his statement that the greater number of those who vote for the annual ballot motion are in their hearts opposed to it, and that on their part it is (as Mr. Aytoun elegantly expresses it) merely a mode of "humbugging and gulling a number of constituencies." There is at any rate more than a little colour given to such an assertion by the very fact that the leadership on a question said to be all important, is left in the hands of a gentleman who is really incapable of serious advocacy, and whose ready buffoonery converts the annual motion into an annual farce. But it is still more amply sustained by the indifference which is practically displayed by those who profess themselves the warm adherents of secret voting. They will divide in its favour, for they obtained the suffrages of a certain number of £10 householders by promising to do so. But they will not say a word in its favour; and they do not conceal their impatience if anyone tries to get up a debate, and thus detains them a quarter of an hour from their dinner. It is clear that they regard the whole affair as an annual ceremony of a harmless but tiresome character, and are only anxious to get it over as soon as possible.

The military news from America is abundant, but indecisive. The object of General Grant's movement to the north of the James River is now apparent. It was from the first difficult to believe that he seriously contemplated advancing upon Richmond from that side, for he must have convinced himself that such an operation was impracticable before he transferred his army to the south side of the river. That his purpose was merely to distract the attention of the Confederates while Warren moved upon the Weldon railway is clear from the fact that, as soon as that officer had made his *coup*, the Northern troops were withdrawn from Deep's Bottom. The occupation of this Weldon line, which runs due south from Petersburg, has always been a favourite object with the Federal general; nor can there be any doubt that, if it could be maintained, it would prove a serious inconvenience to the Confederates. Indeed, they seem fully alive to its importance, since they assumed the offensive, and attacked Warren on the very day after he took possession of a place called Reams, about ten miles from Petersburg. How far they were successful is at present doubtful, for, while one telegram asserts that the Federals were driven back with heavy loss, another asserts that the Confederate attack was a complete failure. In the Shenandoah Valley, Early has certainly gained a considerable advantage over Sheridan, even if he has not actually compelled him to re-cross the Potomac into Pennsylvania. The presence of a large Confederate force in this quarter is a pretty good proof that, in the opinion of General Lee, neither Richmond nor Atlanta are in any serious danger. From the latter place we hear of no recent operations. Sherman has undoubtedly been foiled in his attempts to move round the city either on the eastern or the western side; and his chances of success must now be more unfavourable than ever, as it is understood that since the last engagement large reinforcements have reached Hood. In the meantime, Sherman's communications are seriously threatened by Wheeler; for, although the latter commander was not strong enough to take Chattanooga, he is at the head of a force quite capable of interposing extreme difficulty, in the way of transporting to the northern army the requisite provisions and materiel. Admiral Farragut has undoubtedly gained an advantage at Mobile, in the surrender of Fort Gaines. But, although the possession of this fort will enable him to bring his entire fleet into the outer harbour, the real defences of the place remain intact. It is believed that General Beauregard has been sent with reinforcements to the assistance of its garrison; nor is there any reason to fear that this able engineer will be less successful in maintaining his position at Mobile than he was in protecting Charleston.

M. PERSIGNY ON LIBERTY.

M. PERSIGNY, in a speech equally remarkable for its ignorance of English history and for its indifference to logic, has bestowed a panegyric upon the Empire which even its best friends will be inclined to pronounce undeserved. That the Empire was Peace we learnt long ago from the mouth of Napoleon III.; that it is Liberty we have never heard till M. Persigny took upon himself to promulgate the fact. It is possible that M. Persigny may have notions as to the meaning of the term which are peculiar to himself. Among the followers of the Imperial car, he has the right to be considered disinterested, and few Imperialists are so free from all suspicion of merely venal loyalty. But he is a man probably with a deeper tinge of Napoleonism than Napoleon himself; and, as his life draws on, his views, which have always been to him a creed, seem to have become a mania. That the second Empire, like the first, may be suited to the wants of France, is a doctrine that has often been temperately advanced, and that admits of fair and rational discussion. But no one who was not an enthusiast—that is to say, a man of one idea—could venture on a line that the Empire is a nostrum fitted *in theory* to heal every national disease, and to answer every political requirement. Still less would a philosophical statesman dare to lay down as an incontrovertible axiom, that self-government formed no part of the idea of national liberty. This is what M. Persigny affirms, if his speech has any meaning at all. No fallacies are more common or more showy than those based on the distortion of a plain word into some special and secondary meaning. M. Persigny, in the excitement of his speech, has doubtless been guilty of a fallacy of the kind. Either the declaration that the French are in the possession of liberty is ridiculously false, or else M. Persigny, for the sake of oratorical effect, employs the term in a sense in which it is not ordinarily understood. Accordingly, his assertion is either totally devoid of truth, or else it is a splendid paradox.

Liberty, in the proper signification of the word, implies an active and a passive right. It is the right to be secured from all irregular action and interference except such as the law of the land sanctions. This is the passive part of liberty, and in this sense every nation enjoys liberty that is protected by an impartial and ably-administered code. But liberty is an active as well as a passive right, or it is nothing. The condition of France under a despotism has been ably compared to the state of frogs flat under a paving-stone. But it is not enough to be equal under the law. There is a correlative right on the part of a free people to see that the law is not too weighty a paving-stone for their peace; otherwise, liberty would be synonymous in many cases with impartial and consistent oppression. Self-government thus becomes an integral and essential part of the definition of liberty. Not merely must the individual be free against all action except that of law, but he must be able to restrain the action of law itself within such limits as he deems necessary for his happiness and for the welfare of the whole social community. Nor is it necessary now to dwell upon the absolute necessity of self-government for the development of national prosperity. Individual liberty alone would not be liberty, as politicians use the term. To fulfil the definition the body politic must be as free as each of its several members—free to grow, free to act, and free to speak in its own name. When we talk of liberty, either in England or abroad, we mean at least all this; and it is in this sense that M. Persigny's dictum becomes exaggerated and ludicrous.

To anyone who is familiar with the outlines of English history, it must be plain that there is no self-government in the people unless there is responsibility in the governing body. M. Persigny attempts to confuse the question by dilating on the evils of Ministerial responsibility. This is playing with logic. It is not necessary, doubtless, that a Ministry should be responsible to the Legislative Assembly of the country, though in England the plan has been found, after long experience, to be the only tolerable one. Provided the Executive is responsible, directly or indirectly, to the people, the responsibility of the Executive is complete. In France it is plain that the Executive is not responsible to the Chambers—it is responsible to the Emperor instead. But there the chain of responsibility breaks off. To whom can it be said that the Emperor is responsible? According to the terms of the Imperial Constitution, the Senate is guardian of the "fundamental pact" and of the liberties of the people. But the Senate itself is appointed and salaried by the Emperor; nor is it responsible, directly or indirectly, to the nation. The Emperor, M. Persigny tells us, is the elected of the nation. So have been almost all the despots of whom history speaks. But, though the Emperor is elected, he is not

elective; nor does his office terminate at any stated period—even when he dies his dynasty survives, and the people, to a certain extent, have a voice in the nomination of the first founder of this line of Sovereigns; though in times of anarchy and of military law, the ballot-box is an unsatisfactory exponent of the wish of a great population. But suppose the nation wrong or infatuated in its first selection, how, according to the theory of the French empire, can the error be repaired? The Emperor, indeed, says M. Persigny, beyond the exercise of his prerogative of peace and war and his prerogative of pardon, can do nothing without the people. M. Persigny's two exceptions are tolerably sweeping. In a free country the Sovereign is, through his Ministers, responsible for the exercise of both, though, for the sake of public safety, the initiative, in both cases, is left to the Crown. But why is the French Emperor to be deemed powerless, in all other instances, against the popular will? Simply and solely because the people still retain in their own hands a brute power of appealing to revolution. The value of the appeal differs sensibly in proportion to the strength of the sovereign's standing army. But this power of appeal to revolution is the common property of all communities, free or enslaved alike. It does not constitute either responsibility or self-government. It is not a political privilege. Laws cannot give it—laws cannot take it away. A country which has no means of interfering in its own government or in its own national policy except this, need thank its legislators for nothing. The savage who obeys his hereditary chief has as much, and enjoys all the liberty of which Napoleon III., according to M. Persigny, is architect and founder.

That the French Empire is not without its good as well as its evil side, will be conceded by all those who have at heart the progress and the emancipation of the Continent. Nor has Napoleon III.—his unconstitutional and arbitrary measures apart—been otherwise than a beneficent ruler for the French in a material point of view. If M. Persigny had confined himself to so obvious an eulogium, he would not have drawn upon himself the laughter of all sensible men. In depicting the Emperor as the patron of French liberty, he has insulted the educated classes in France, who sit silenced and crushed under a stern and despotic sway. The French masses, perhaps, hardly know the falsehood of such an affirmation. But the best men in France know it, and feel deeply the indignity of a situation with which Napoleon III. and M. Persigny are so thoroughly content. The greatest voices in France under this *régime* of Imperial liberty are silent on compulsion. Where are the Montalamberts, the Berryers, the Guizots, the Ville-mains, the Pegiers? All silent. Or if they speak, it is in whispers among a coterie of friends, not as they ought to be speaking in the ears of a nation. This is French liberty, and it is of this liberty that Imperialists are proud. "O, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

THE O'DONOGHUE'S ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH NATION.

THE O'Donoghue, in a characteristic document, has this week, in behalf of the Irish National League, appealed to the French Press to say whether the wrongs of Ireland do not cry for justice to the nations. The innocuous practice of threatening England with foreign intervention is one to which Irish patriots are much addicted. One week, the terrible name of Yankee is bandied mysteriously about; the next, General M'Mahon and a French army of occupation are significantly spoken of as the only means of vengeance. The O'Donoghue—whatever his other powers—seems endowed with a marvellous capacity for always exhibiting himself in the lowest possible spirits. Had he been an Augustus Moddles of the creation of Mr. Dickens, he could not have taken a gloomier or a more melodramatic view of human life. If the Irish National League are in want of a medal to commemorate anything, from the birthday of Dan. O'Connell to the anniversary of the celebrated battle of the cabbage-garden, they could not do better than strike off the O'Donoghue weeping under an Irish bog-oak. The young gentleman in question never appears anywhere except to drop a tear over his country; and having wept publicly and copiously over her, he disappears again into harmless private life. The indifference shown him by the English Government only seems to increase his misery. There are "some people," says the original Augustus Moddles, "who cannot get run over." The omnibuses recoil from them. Some Irish patriots are in a similar position of melancholy disappointment. They cannot get taken up. The police will not do it, and Government tyrannically declines to interfere.

What is a youthful and blighted individual of a funereal turn of mind to do when he cannot get run over? He can only retire in deep melancholy to his lodgings, and practise with pistols from his window at the cats. The O'Donoghue, in like manner, goes back to his native mountains, sharpens up that sword which seems never destined to be used, and indulges himself in imaginary prophecy about an hour which, like human happiness, never is, but always is to be. In a solitary hour, when his whiskey is low and his spirits still lower, he has determined to raise his wail in the French papers. The Irish "och-hone" accordingly appears at length in the *Opinion Nationale*, which, "faithful to its name and principles," deems it a duty to give publication to the threnody. It is a sad thing to reflect that in the burst of his grief the O'Donoghue seems to have forgotten all about the Pope. The *Opinion Nationale* is the organ of Prince Napoleon, of nationalities, and of the Italian revolution, and accordingly the organ of disbelief in the immortality of the soul, and in the temporal power of his Holiness. The O'Donoghue, therefore, doubtless unknown to his Church, has been making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. The gallant Irish legion which crossed the seas a few years back to assist the brigands of the Vatican, will be a little astonished when they hear that the tearful champion of their country has been invoking the patronage of a journal odious in the eyes of all the saints in the Catholic calendar.

It is due to the high character of the *Opinion Nationale* itself at once to state, that it does not for a moment hesitate to give the preference to its hatred of England over its hatred of the Papacy. It sees in the Irish League "not the blind soldiers of the temporal powers of the Pope, but the victims of an oligarchy that, under the mask of a lying liberalism, reduces to despair a population of six millions." Both the *Opinion Nationale* and the O'Donoghue are in a similar predicament. In order to fraternize and to congratulate, both must make a trifling sacrifice of religious conviction. If they are to indulge in a common Anglomania, the *Opinion Nationale* must resign Garibaldi, and the O'Donoghue must give up Cardinal Antonelli and the immortality of the soul. The renunciation has been accomplished by both with much spirit. In the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* there is a philosopher who keeps one ear for the living and the other for the dead languages. Prince Napoleon and his editors are obliged, for the sake of their political relations, to come to a similar arrangement. When the Italian Revolution addresses them, they listen with the ear that knows nothing about the immortality of the soul when the Irish League begins to speak, "passez de l'autre côté" is the order of the day. The Irish League trots round and pours its sorrows into the ear that is devoted to the studd of the dead languages and of Catholic affliction. Thy O'Donoghue and his friends are certainly keen patriots, and it is natural that they should choose for their confidants a newspaper which is likely to know very little of the merits of the case. But it cannot be denied that, in this instance, they have made choice of a very remarkable confessor.

Few people living who had not a natural genius for bulls, and who had not been born in that misty Irish atmosphere which seems productive chiefly of large potatoes and of little men, would have entertained the ridiculous notion of calling in French Imperialists to decide whether Ireland was constitutionally governed or not. The O'Donoghue sums up the grievances of himself and his compatriots under three heads. In the first place, he complains that the Irish are not allowed to carry arms; and—so far as he means that the Irish are not permitted to enrol themselves in armed military bodies unauthorized by law—his assertion is correct enough. In the second place, he bemoans the unhappy fate of Ireland, in that the Irish are not allowed to deliberate together, by means of deputies, upon the state of the nation. If this means that public political meetings in Ireland are put down by the Government, the statement is absolutely false. Lastly, he asserts that the jury in cases of political crimes is chosen among the partizans of the Government. This, also, in the ordinary sense of the words, is a delusive and a deceptive assertion; but let it pass like the former two. What Frenchman can read this catalogue of epitomized wrongs without smiling in his sleeve, when he compares Irish liberty with that French liberty of which the Emperor is the founder, and M. Persigny the panegyrist? Is the O'Donoghue foolish enough to imagine that any foreign nation on the Continent is likely to sympathize with the demand of a semi-rebellious Irish clique to be allowed to arm and drill their partizans? If the Irish are a loyal and peaceable nation, what do they want with muskets? The only use to them of arms—the law courts being open to redress all wrong—can be to enable them

either to exterminate rival religious sects, or to rise against their Sovereign. An Irish gentleman is not prevented from shooting game over his estate; but what Government in its senses would dream of legitimatising corps of armed and fanatical young Irishmen, whose avowed object is to turn their arms against the police and the authorities of their country? As to the right of political association, the O'Donoghue knows perfectly—and the walls of the Rotunda bear silent testimony to the fact—that the English Government give Irishmen full and extraordinary licence. Where in France would such licence be permitted? A month ago thirteen eminent Frenchmen were punished for meeting as a simple electoral committee. The law under which they suffered has been in force in France for more than thirty years. The complaints with which the sentence of the court was received were directed, not so much against the law—bad as it appears to Englishmen—as against the judicial interpretation which it received. And to talk of defects in the Irish jury system to French patriots, whose friends and brothers, under the Imperial system, have been deported wholesale, without trial, to Cayenne, is to make a farce of Irish patriotism, and to render it the laughing-stock of Paris. The O'Donoghue admits—what, indeed, is obvious to the world, without his admission—that the Irish Press is tolerably free; but he adds that, in times of political crises, such as 1848, a more vigorous system of repression comes into play. Of all the lamentations ever heard, this is probably the most nonsensical. In Ireland, as in England, the Press is always free to criticise the Government. In Ireland the Press enjoys still greater freedom, for it is permitted, in practice, to write treason week after week, except in hours of great political commotion. Because on such an occasion the law is brought to bear against positive sedition, the O'Donoghue tells Paris that Ireland is not free. If this is so, England is not free either, and the Arcadia in which newspapers would be allowed in times of revolution to advocate actual revolt, has never yet been found upon this earth.

That the state of Ireland is unsatisfactory may be conceded. The Irish question is one which is not yet settled, but it will require sounder and wiser heads than that of the O'Donoghue to strike out its solution. Meanwhile, that gentleman cannot be acquitted of gross misrepresentation in the document addressed by him to the French Press. Every Irishman knows in his heart that Ireland, though it does not enjoy a Parliament to itself, any more than does Scotland or Wales, enjoys the inestimable blessings of civil equality before the law, of religious toleration, and of representative government. It has all the substance of constitutional liberty, though it has not the shadow of a noisy and ill-educated local Parliament. Meanwhile, the best answer to the seditious nonsense of the O'Donoghue is his own position. In what country in either hemisphere would a gentleman of his violent political temper be at large? In America? Let him ponder over the history of Mr. Vallandigham. In France? Let him bethink him of men who are to him as Hyperion to a satyr—M. Louis Blanc and M. Victor Hugo, not to mention names such as those of Montalembert and Berryer. Neither in any of these nor in any other civilized country, except Great Britain, would he be at this moment at liberty; and that he is still at liberty here, is due partly to the stability of our institutions and the moderation of our Government, and partly, too, to his own immeasurable insignificance.

THE STATE OF OUR ROADS.

WE are urged to revert to the state of our public roads. Our protest against the semi-barbarism of laying down lengths of unrolled broken stone on suburban roads has been widely responded to. Every one who has a carriage or a horse suffers from the cruel, distressing, and expensive practice. The traffic on the road is called upon to do the work of making the road—a process which ought to be performed by rolling the road. That road trustees and road surveyors should compel costly town horses and light carriages to perform a work for which they are so ill adapted—that our most frequented roads should remain for weeks almost impracticable to ordinary traffic—that horses dragging heavy loads to which they are only just equal, should be compelled to draw these loads through considerable lengths of new metal, because they thereby save, in a very small degree, the cost of properly repairing the road—can no longer be tolerated. The whole system, in fact, of constructing and maintaining macadamized roads is faulty, and requires reform. It is intimately connected with the system of turnpike trusts. The trustees, instead of putting their roads into good working condition by

thorough systematic rolling, have made those who pay for the road do the work of consolidating the roadway. When turnpikes are abolished, and the ratepayers, through their representatives, maintain the roads, they will be repaired and maintained, we may hope, in a manner less wasteful and more scientific.

We are happy to be able to quote the high authority of General Sir John Burgoyne in favour of rolling new-made roads. Sir John declares that the present mode of consolidating the new metal by the traffic is "most inconvenient." He states that it "occasions enormous sacrifices by the parties using the road, and consequently a great loss to the public in general." He doubts whether it is, really and in the long run, a saving to the trustees. He contends, on the contrary, that it involves great wear and waste of the road material, and a considerable expenditure in watching and maintenance until the metal is consolidated. Sir John Burgoyne entertains no doubt that the actual expenditure of the present system "is greater than would be incurred by at once operating thoroughly with the roller." It is well known that the narrow wheels of ordinary heavily-laden carriages penetrate into the new metal, and force the lower part of it into the subsoil. In rolling, however, the surface is preserved entire, and the metal remains in its proper place. The displacement, the grinding, and crushing by carriage traffic, are so great that whereas ten inches of road-metal are required to bind into six inches of consolidated road, eight inches would be sufficient, if well rolled. Sir John Burgoyne estimates that if the rolling only effected a saving of one inch of metal, "still the cost of that one inch would exceed that of the rolling, including gravel." If the present system, which ruins so many good horses, and sends so many carriages into hospital, is wasteful as well as cruel—if it imposes enormous inconvenience on the public without any advantage whatever to road trustees—it cannot be too soon amended.

The practice of rolling new-laid material on roads prevails more generally on the Continent than in England. A roller, at first used in the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, has been introduced into France. It is a cylinder of cast-iron of about 4 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 4 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. It weighs about 2 tons, and will contain an additional weight of stone, bringing up the entire weight to 5 tons, 18 cwt. It is worked by six strong horses. The roller is first passed over the road once or twice without any loading, to obtain a first settlement of the loose metal; then follow one or two turns with an entire weight of $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and lastly the full loading of 5 tons, 18 cwt., with which it makes up the number of turns to ten. Traversing twelve miles, it will completely roll in one day about a quarter of a mile of a road 21 feet wide. The expense in France includes six horses and two drivers, £1. 4s. per day; six labourers attending on the road, assisting at the roller, levelling inequalities, spreading gravel or some sharp gritty stuff on the surface during the operations, 7s.; making a total of £1. 11s. for rolling 3,000 square yards, or about one penny per running yard of road 24 feet wide. In England these prices would have to be increased. The subsequent wear of material, with proper care and watching, is remarkably small. One French engineer states that when the rolling in this manner has been well performed, 300 square yards of road only required one cubic yard of broken stone during the following year. In one instance 1,500 square yards only required to be mended by one cubic yard of metal. On another road no fresh stone was laid for three years. Sir John Burgoyne says, that "however perfect the rolling may be, there will be at the end a slight elasticity and yielding of the surface, which will only become quite firm and hard after some days' traffic, say from six to ten, when tolerably frequented, during which its form and smoothness must be carefully attended to. Add, therefore, £2 per mile for that extra work, and the cost will be £30 per mile."

We are gratified to learn that the suggestion we ventured to throw out, of the employment of road-locomotives for this service, is considered worthy of attention and experiment. The use of horses is open to one manifest objection; their violent exertions in starting and drawing the roller displace the loose metal very inconveniently. The rollers used in England are much too light. If the weight of the roller were greatly increased, and more than four horses were required, the difficulty of obtaining a simultaneous effort becomes proportionably increased. A steam-traction engine could, however, drag a roller of a weight hitherto impracticable for horses. The work would be more expeditiously as well as more effectively performed—the former object being of great importance in city and suburban roads of great traffic. It may be asked whether the wheels of the traction-engine and its weight-bearing tender

might not be made so broad as to consolidate the road without a cylinder or roller. The wheel would, however, have a tendency to force the broken stone laterally from under its action. If a roller is too heavy in proportion to its bearing surface, Sir John Burgoyne points out that instead of binding the material in the position and form laid down and desired, it will press it more or less into the substratum. The wider a roller is the better, first, because the operation is more quickly performed; and next, because of the lateral pressure exercised by a narrow roller. Sir John Burgoyne recommends the use of cylinders of different weights, brought in succession on the work.

Professor Mahan, in his "Essay on Road-making," speaks with approval of the French plan of consolidating the surface of a road by rolling before the road is thrown open for travel. He says:—

"Great importance is attached by the French engineers to the use of the iron cylinder for compressing the materials for a new road, and to minute attention to daily repairs. It is stated that by the use of the cylinder the road is presented at once in a good travelling condition; the wear of the materials is less than by the old method of gradually consolidating them by the travel; the cost of repairs during the first years is diminished; it gives to the road-covering a more uniform thickness, and admits of its being thinner than in the usual method."

In many suburban parishes a penny-wise and pound-foolish economy leads to the employment of the softer description of metal, instead of the harder and tougher whinstones, basalts, granites, and beach-pebbles. Another error, scarcely less grave, is in the large size of the metal thrown down. Mr. Law, C.E., says that the stones ought to pass freely through a ring of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter in every direction. Sir J. Burgoyne would have the upper inch or two of stone finer than the rest, "say to pass a ring of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch," in order to its more speedy and complete consolidation. The French engineers of the Ponts et Chaussées equally insist on the importance of metal being broken up into small fragments. They would be astonished to see the metal of $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 inches in diameter which can be picked up in our London streets.

A macadamized road requires incessant attention, and here again our practice is negligent and defective. We wait till the surface has lost its shape, and is covered with mud and pools of water; then comes the thick layer of metal, often thrown down over extensive distances, and left to be worn down by the traffic. Instead of these wholesale and wasteful operations, the road should be constantly watched. Very small patches of stone, broken fine, should be carefully supplied to the small hollows; the surface should be first loosened with a pick whenever the road is firm; the fresh material should then be rammed down into the holes, and carefully watched until the consolidation is perfect. The rammer and mallet are freely used in France on new-laid patches of broken stone. Such a system, no doubt, requires additional manual labour, but this is more than compensated by the saving of material and the cost of carriage. The experience of the French engineers is conclusive on this point. The French *cantonnier* is not a mere stone-breaker, like the English drudge who works under the direction of the parish surveyor—he is an intelligent road-maker; he lives in the centre of his district; he has a portion of road given to him, not more than he can attend to, yet finding him with full employment all the year round. He works under supervision, yet is held responsible for the state of his road. He removes mud, dust, and loose stones, fills up all inequalities on the surface, prepares the material after it is brought to the places of deposit, applies it where needed, attends to the drains and to the shape and trimming of the road, and knows that he will be fined if he applies material to the road without first passing it through the small regulation screen or sieve. By this incessant care the outlay for material is reduced to a minimum. In one French road put under the charge of M. Dumas, the expenditure had been, in one year, in material, £872; and in road labour, £195. He boldly began by almost equalising the expenditure:—material, £584; road labour, £504. He went on reducing the expenditure on material, until in four years the outlay on metal, &c. was brought down to £163, instead of £872; while the item of road labour stood at £445, instead of £195. The road was infinitely improved under his administration, concurrently with the reduction of cost in its maintenance. The French engineers, when they began to carry out the new system of less material and more manual labour, calculated that a saving of £6,000,000 would accrue to the public by a method which maintained the roads in the best possible condition.

The first condition of road-reform is to abolish the turnpike

trusts. Toll-gates are now something more than an inconvenience and a nuisance. They stand between the public and an efficient system of road-making. We want (as we may hereafter show) a wider area and more uniform system of management, more scientific surveyors, a larger plant, more manual labour, and its consequence—a more economical, as well as more efficient road-administration. Sir John Burgoyne expresses his astonishment that experiments have not yet been made in the most efficacious and least expensive method of rolling new-made roads. In the name of humanity and common sense, let us save our horses, and try whether steam and iron will not put a smooth surface upon our new roads.

THE MAYOR AND THE MARQUIS.

THE battle between the Pound and Sandy-row has been followed by an after-piece, also bellicose, between the Mayor of Belfast and the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The latter dignitary, the Marquis of Donegall, has charged the magistrates with supineness, but especially Mr. John Lytle, the mayor. Where was Mr. John Lytle when the Pound was "pitching into" Sandy-row, and Sandy-row into the Pound? That was the question which the Marquis put, at the late Freemasons' meeting, with no little indignation, that Mr. Lytle should have been anywhere but where he ought to have been; and when his lordship was called to order, he protested loudly and vehemently, as a Lord-Lieutenant should, that "he had a duty to perform, and perform it he would." All this roused the blood of the Mayor, who now charges Lord Donegall with having made "a most unjust, premeditated, and unwarrantable attack" upon him in his official character, and therefore his tenderest point. Lord Donegall, he says, has hit him with slanderous accusations, which are all the more paltry and base because the unhappy Mayor was not present to defend himself. This is fine. But when Mr. Lytle, from the lofty heights of general denunciations, descends to particulars, we cannot say that he carries us along with him with so magnificent a sweep as when he is arraigning the Marquis in round terms. We settle down and watch his play dispassionately. He says that the charge against him—namely, that he left Belfast after the disturbances had commenced, is without a shadow of foundation. In fact, the Marquis has fibbed. The case, as Mr. Lytle states it, is that he left Belfast as early as Thursday, the 11th, and went to Harrogate for an object justifiable in mayors as well as in inferior mortals—namely, for the benefit of his health. It is for the good of society that mayors should be of sound mind and body, and Mr. Lytle, in consulting the state of his digestion, consulted the social interests of Belfast. Now, it was not till the Monday following Thursday the 11th, that there was any serious rioting—that is to say, not till the 15th; and when, on the 16th, Mr. Lytle received a telegram, saying that there had been serious disturbances, he hastened back by the very first conveyance, in order to share the onerous work of suppressing the riots—which was very good of him. Having thus vindicated himself against the charge of negligent absence, Mr. Lytle swings round suddenly, and fetches the Marquis a blow with his own query. "Where were you?" he demands. "If I was the Mayor of Belfast, you were Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the chief of all its magistrates, having the command of the entire constabulary force, and with the military at your beck. Where were you, who now complain that the 'strong hand' was needed and was not forthcoming, because the Mayor was at Harrogate?"

Pepper for the Marquis, and first blood for the Mayor. But when "time" is called, Lord Donegall comes quietly up to the scratch, and with a few well-planted blows mauls Mr. Mayor rather handsomely. He says, in effect, that on the 8th an Orange mob burnt the effigy of O'Connell in a quarter of the town where political animosities run high. On Tuesday there was the mock funeral to Friars' Bush Cemetery, accompanied by a large procession, which, being denied admittance, the coffin was taken back, set fire to, and thrown into a noisome pool of water called the Black Snaff. That was on the 9th. People became alarmed. They knew what the Pound and Sandy-row were made of, and they dreaded a collision between the Catholics of the one and the Orangemen of the other. Political and religious excitement ran high. Amongst the Orangemen of the province the excitement and indignation were unparalleled, and it was well known that there would be a counter demonstration to the O'Connell procession, and that Ireland never had witnessed such a mighty, overwhelming muster of determined men as that demonstration would bring together in Belfast on the day appointed. Indeed, on the night of the

10th, the eve of the Mayor's departure for Harrogate, it was generally expected that the two mobs would come into collision. Yet the Mayor, "apparently in excellent health," says the malicious Marquis, "left Belfast for Harrogate on Thursday, August 11, being the fourth day during which extraordinary excitement prevailed." We all know what followed. Shots were fired, property was attacked, constabulary, infantry, and cavalry poured into Belfast; but not till the 18th did the Mayor show his face. Then he came blandly back to his post, with vigour refreshed, and in happy time to see the peace of his beloved town restored without any act on his part which could leave a trace of pain on his own mind or the minds of the mob. This, freely rendered, is the reply of the Marquis.

And we fear it must be said that his lordship shoots not wide of the mark. Possibly the imputation that there was nothing the matter with the Mayor goes too far. Men's looks sometimes belie them, and if Mr. Lytle was apparently in excellent health when he skedaddled, he may be one of those men who tell us that when they look best they are least at ease. He is the best judge of the state of his own health; but whether he left Belfast in a fit of indigestion, or indisposition of any other kind, it is plain that he went. It is plain, too, that he ought not to have turned his back upon the town at such a moment. He says that up to Monday, the 15th, there was no serious rioting. What does he mean by serious rioting? He admits that, in consequence of some proceedings of the mob on the 8th and 9th, he and Mr. Orme, the stipendiary magistrate, had called in 150 of the constabulary from the adjoining counties. Yet he went! True, he says that the constabulary were called in, not because he and Mr. Orme expected they would be needed, but on the principle that prevention is better than cure. Well, but when men take measures to prevent a possible occurrence, they generally wait to see that their measures are sufficient. When they take such measures they deem that they are advisable, and that, unless they are taken, the evil they are to prevent may occur. It is idle for Mr. Lytle to say that he called in 150 of the constabulary without any cause. The truth is, that from what took place on the 8th and 9th, he saw that a riot was probable. He called in the constabulary from the adjoining counties, and then he drew his nightcap over his eyes and went to Harrogate. Now, how far is Harrogate from Belfast? Was there no other place to which Mr. Lytle could run for a breath of fresh air? Could he not have gone to Hollywood, Carrickfergus, or Faunoran, within easy reach of the town which had put its trust in him? Any of these places are airy and pleasant enough, and there are others at which even a mayor's impurity of blood or debility of nerves might have been ministered to. But it would seem that Mr. Lytle's infirmity, whatever it was, could brook no other climate than that of Harrogate. At the precise moment when Belfast called upon him, he was so peculiarly situated with regard to his health, that though with the town in spirit, he was of necessity absent in the flesh. His spirit withstood the rush of the Pound on Sandy-row and of Sandy-row upon the Pound, but his poor body was panting over the waters of Harrogate.

But what more than this does the Marquis of Donegall say? Mr. Lytle's post was at Belfast. In the hour of its peril he fled from it. It is within the reach of possibility that he did so for a just cause, as far as he was personally concerned; he may have felt that he had sustained life up to that point by a superhuman effort, and that to remain in Belfast twelve hours longer would be a fatal imprudence. Another day's meals in its atmosphere might have been the death of him. But Belfast looks upon him not as a man but as a mayor, and it is from that point of view that the Marquis also regards him. The Marquis is not Mr. Lytle's doctor. He cannot feel his pulse or look at his tongue, or ask him in what part of his system he aches, or languishes, or feels oppression or pain. He sees only that when Belfast is ill at ease, and needs the vigilance of its chief magistrate to keep the peace, to appease rising anger, to lull or overawe excitement, to protect life and limb and property, Mr. Lytle skedaddles. He takes the wings of the morning and flies away to be at rest at Harrogate, though it must be plain to him, as it is to everybody else, that mischief is brewing, that the clouds are gathering, and the storm is about to burst. On the 16th he received a telegram from his son, and on the 18th, when all was over, or nearly so, he returned to his post. But what had he been doing in the meantime between his leaving Belfast and the date of the telegram? What had the mobs in Belfast been doing? On the 12th of August, the day after Mr. Lytle had left for the benefit of his health, the *Northern Whig* spoke thus of the state of the town:—"The rioting which has been going on every night during

the week culminated to an alarming pitch this morning, and several hand-to-hand-fights occurred between two o'clock and five o'clock. Stones, brickbats, bludgeons, and even guns, were used." On Saturday the *Whig* said:—"The riots in Belfast continue with unabated fury—unequalled by anything we have ever seen in this town." The Mayor was at Harrogate! The columns of every English newspaper teemed with accounts of the riots; but the Mayor never heard of them till he received a telegram from his son on the 16th. Is this conceivable? But if he did hear of them, what then? The news fell dead upon his ears. It imported nothing to him, it made no call upon his energies, it suggested to him no line of duty. Two ideas seem to have been paramount in his mind, and exclusive of all others—that he was out of sorts, and that the air of Harrogate was salubrious. Whether he was really ill or not, we do not pretend to say. But it is quite clear, from his own admission, that he left his post when he should have clung to it. That is all that the Marquis of Donegall has charged against him.

MR. HOPLEY ON THE STATE OF MRS. HOPLEY'S SOUL.

MR. HOPLEY has appealed from a British jury to the British public at large, in a pamphlet entitled "A Cry for Justice, and for the Souls of my Wife and Children." Whether the meaning of the last portion of the title be that Mrs. Hopley is endangering her eternal welfare by taking refuge from her husband upon the Continent, or that she has already endangered it by giving evidence against Mr. Hopley in the Divorce Court, may be a matter of debate. It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Hopley's course makes Mr. Hopley very anxious for her immortal soul. There are certain natures with whom a quarrel is sure to take this theological shape. In some cases, and in some mouths, blessing becomes bitterer and more effective than cursing itself; and to propose to pray for the other side is the last and most terrible arrow from the quiver of an angry controversialist. "Charity, my dear," said the injured Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my bed-room candlestick, remind me more particularly to pray for Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit." There are some nymphs, and some male angels, too, in whose "orisons" all their neighbours' sins are sure to be "remembered;" and whose devotional exercises partake not so much of the character of a Litany as of a Commination Service. It would, perhaps, be refusing Mr. Hopley that justice for which, with many gushes of religious expostulation, he appeals, if we were to put down to hypocrisy his ostentatious anxiety for the spiritual condition of those who have offended him. He is doubtless sincere in the belief that he is an ill-used man. But his missionary efforts to improve the souls of his pupils and his family have been attended hitherto with such lamentable results, that when, after all his trials, the missionary vein crops up again as luxuriant as ever, it is perhaps natural for Mrs. Hopley and her relatives to feel alarmed. Similar phenomena preceded the death of the unhappy boy, Chancellor, and accompanied the moulding by which Mrs. Hopley was to be made fit to be the mother of juvenile Hopleys. If Mr. Hopley had chastised his unhappy wife out of ill temper and hot blood, there might be some hopes that his long imprisonment might have taught him the necessity of domestic self-control; but when we discover that all was part and parcel of a pious curriculum, and that Mr. Hopley's victims have been victims rather of his desire to reform his fellow-creatures than of any natural ferocity, the domestic future of the Hopley household looks dark indeed. The charge made against the gentleman in question by his wife and by the public is not that he is a Quilp; nor does Mr. Hopley meet the issue by affirming, with some appearance of truth, that he is far from being a monster in human shape. Nobody says that he is a monster. What is alleged against him is that he carries concern for his fellow-creatures to the verge of monomania, and that he polishes and brightens the Christian character of those about him in a way that seriously affects their physical health and comfort. That he has begun again, after so serious a warning, to discuss Mrs. Hopley's soul, is, then, not a reassuring symptom. By this time, very possibly Mrs. Hopley trembles at the very mention of her soul at all, and when she learns from her secure retreat that Mr. Hopley has been thinking over her immortal prospects, she will feel like the emancipated slave who dreamed of the cracking of his master's thong.

In order to vindicate himself, and partly doubtless in order to expose the true nature of the religious precipice over which Mrs. Hopley's soul is balancing itself, Mr. Hopley prints at considerable length the letters which his wife wrote to him during his confinement. The taste of publishing such docu-

ments is most questionable, but the excitement under which he is evidently labouring and the obvious character and mental training of the man render it unnecessary to discuss his conduct from an æsthetic point of view. The panegyrics he himself bestows upon his wife's correspondence for refinement and delicacy are probably sincere and certainly deserved. No one can peruse her effusions without a strong feeling of sympathy for the woman who is their author. If it be true (and we see no reason to believe the contrary) that Mr. Hopley found his wife when he married her an ignorant and half-educated girl, and has made her an accomplished and clever woman, the fact says nothing for him that might not be conceded by his severest critics. From the fiery ordeal which she entered as a raw young lady Mrs. Hopley has emerged a cultivated wife and mother; but, for all that, the process which has been so intellectually successful may have been physical and mental anguish. The great poet who tells us the discipline of pain with which it pleased Heaven to try a lady of his acquaintance, winds up with the funereal remark—

"The saint survived it, but the woman died."

It is possible that Mrs. Hopley's virtues in like manner increased, *pari passu*, with her misery; but the principle which produces hot-house matronly graces at such a cost would justify the worst enormities of a Grand Inquisitor. If it be lawful to do God service at the risk of cruelty to man, there is no form of torture that may not logically be supported. The instinct that leads to such excesses, either in public or in private life, may be termed the pedagogue instinct in its worst and most dangerous form. It is an instinct which has done more to retard progress and civilization than any other which can be named; and when it breaks out violently in private life has led men, before now, to the gallows.

The feminine devotion and warmth of heart which are conspicuous throughout the whole of Mrs. Hopley's correspondence, do not disprove what the jury have asserted,—that Mr. Hopley has been cruel; it only confirms their further admission, that his cruelty has been unfortunately condoned. It is by no means a rare spectacle to see a woman, in the hey-day of youth and imagination, attracted rather than repelled by harshness. The annals of the police-courts show that many a woman retains her infatuation for some drunken ruffian, who beats her and ill uses her from day to day; and Mr. Hopley has possibly mental qualities sufficient to fascinate the fancy even of a frightened and ill-treated wife. Still less can such a correspondence be taken to rebut the accusation of original cruelty, when the circumstances are considered under which it was penned. Mr. Hopley was at the time in prison, and both he and his wife well knew that he was also an outcast from society. If ever a noble and generous woman would feel inclined to condone her injuries, it would be when she felt the loneliness and misery of the man who had been her tyrant. Mrs. Hopley in the Divorce Court, with her own letters before her, solemnly swore, nevertheless, that she had been cruelly dealt with. The jury, to a man, believed her. Mr. Hopley replies that she has perjured herself. He must be insane not to perceive that the grace and tenderness of the letters which he himself produces from her, are the strongest possible argument against his assertion. It is far easier to believe that the woman who wrote them was, in spite of her love and affection, the worn and illused companion of a monomaniac than to believe her capable of having given false and fraudulent testimony for the purpose of ruining an innocent and virtuous husband. Nor was his wife's testimony unsupported. Servants were called to corroborate her in important particulars; and though Mr. Hopley insinuates that their character was not of the best description, the only alternative theory to that of his own guilt is the theory of a domestic conspiracy between his wife, his wife's family, and his own household. The fact that none of his pupils were privy to any of the conduct of which he was accused goes for very little. The strictest conjugal disciplinarian would not be likely to punish his wife, so to speak, upon parade, and in the presence of a regiment of boys. Even Mr. Quilp did not pinch Mrs. Quilp when strangers were looking on. He chose quiet moments, when nobody observed him, and made her life a burden to her without violating decent conventionalities. Mr. Hopley himself is a man whose vanity and dignity would preserve him from the error of making his matrimonial training a by-word in his house and school-room; and if, as seems probable, his cruelty is only a form of pedagoguism run mad, he probably inflicts unhappiness on those under his iron rule upon a strictly decorous system.

If we wished for an instance of the truth, that men who commit crimes are not wholly bad, we do not know whither we could better turn than to the case of such a man. Mr.

Hopley with tears protests that he is not a demon, or a butcher, or a murderer. The social philanthropist knows well that those who draw upon themselves the indignant censures of society are rarely demons. There is often some good in them, as in Mr. Hopley, coupled with a monstrous want of self-control in one direction, which poisons their whole nature, and ruins their whole life. The consciousness of some good intentions and some noble ambitions is a possession which Mr. Hopley shares with not a few of the greatest tyrants of history. It is not the pleasure of any generous mind to trample on a fallen man, or to outrage even Mr. Hopley by comparisons which would be insulting and unjust. It is quite enough to say that his pamphlet by no means makes us regret that Mrs. Hopley has escaped from his society. His self-delusions are probably genuine, but they amount to disease. In carrying out his vain and inflexible plans he has done much harm and caused much unhappiness; and his tone and temper render it probable that in his obstinate blindness to his own defects, he may cause still more unhappiness before he dies.

DEATH BY POISONING.

FOR years there has been an uncomfortable feeling abroad with regard to the possibility that the cases of death by poisoning which pass away unnoticed may be even more numerous than those which come to light; and we have it now upon the authority of Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has been commissioned by the Privy Council to report upon this subject, that the extent to which the administration of poison causes death "is not even approximately known." The returns of the Registrar-General show that between four and five hundred persons die annually by poison, administered accidentally or of purpose; but these are only the cases of which there is evidence. To estimate the probable extent of those which disappear without attracting attention, we must note the facility of obtaining poison, and the ignorance of its dispensers. "So long," writes Dr. Taylor, "as a person of any age has the command of threepence, he can procure a sufficient quantity of one of the most deadly poisons to destroy the lives of two adults. No one wishing to destroy another by poison, and having a knowledge to make a selection among drugs, need have any difficulty in carrying out his design. If refused at one shop, he can procure the poison at another. If refused by a druggist, he can procure it at a grocer's. If refused at a grocer's, he can procure it at a village general shop, where poisons are retailed by girls and boys, and no questions are asked." Only with regard to the sale of arsenic are there any legislative restrictions, and these are wholly inoperative. Practically, there is free trade in it as there is in the other poisons. The grocer sells it, the Chandler, oilman, and village shopkeeper. It and the other poisons are freely dispensed by the lower class of druggists to the most casual applicant; and when we consider what is meant by the lower class of druggists, and that anyone can sell drugs and poisons just as anyone can sell carrots and turnips without let or licence, it is easy to see what facilities are open to crime, and how the chances preponderate in favour of accident. In villages where shopkeepers unite several trades over the same counter, the linendraper and the grocer will eke out his profits by the sale of drugs, of whose properties they are utterly ignorant. This is free trade with a vengeance; an injustice to those chemists and druggists who have honestly gained a knowledge of their business; and to the public, who run the risk of being poisoned by ignorant vendors of drugs, as witness the Bradford poisonings, where 17 persons died, and 183 were injured by lozenges, in a batch of which 12 lbs. of white arsenic had been used for adulteration instead of plaster of Paris; and the bread poisonings, in which 500 persons had a narrow escape of being despatched out of the world by the accidental admixture of 30 lbs. of sugar of lead instead of alum with 80 sacks of flour.

It cannot be difficult to put an end to all this, and get rid of all but what may be called inevitable accidents. If the Government have any difficulty about the matter, let them take counsel with the Pharmaceutical Society.

THE DIETARY OF THE POOR.

AN article in the *Times* upon the food of the poor has drawn, from experienced persons, some facts confirming an impression which has long been growing, that much sickness and mortality, especially infant mortality, are the result of starvation, slow, it may be, but sure. This seems to be the case in a marked degree in the agricultural districts, and the failure of food in the case of children seems to be the want of milk. In the towns it is to be had in abundance, not, indeed, as it comes from the cow, but still milk of some sort. In the agricultural districts, oddly enough, there is no such thing to be had. Wine may be had from the squire's house, if it can be shown that there is need of it. But the farmer will not part with the milk he does not sell, except to his pigs. That, at least, is the assertion of "An Old Country Clergyman." "The farmers," he writes, "though with large dairies, will not sell [their milk] to the poor. They prefer giving all their skim milk to their pigs. I have heard mothers complain they could not procure a drop for their pining infants, though pigs were fattening upon it." This, however, is only part of a great subject, the

feeding of the poor, upon which we are beginning to be enlightened. Strange as it may seem, there is some reason for believing that the poor of England are worse fed than the poor of Ireland, Scotland, or Wales. Still stranger is Dr. E. Smith's statement, that the poor of Ireland are the best fed. But there seems no doubt that the English criminal is infinitely better fed and cared for than the honest labourer. One of them has just recorded his sentiments to this effect in some verses which an inspector of prisons found on Tuesday, written on a slate by a prisoner who has been repeatedly convicted. Our readers may like to peruse them:—

"I cannot take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud
For all their care of me.
Not more than others I deserve,
In fact, much less than more;
Yet I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
The honest pauper in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clad from head to feet
And covered from the cold.
Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
But I've a warm and well-air'd cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.
While they are fed on workhouse fare
And grudging their scanty food,
Three times a day my meals I get,
Sufficient, wholesome, good.
Then to the British public health,
Who all our care relieves,
And while they treat us as they do
They'll never want for thieves."

CROQUET.

A SINGULAR case of literary piracy came before Vice-Chancellor Kindersley on the 25th ult., from which we learn that a man may be a literary pirate without knowing it. The facts are these:—Last year Captain Mayne Reid, the author of some of the best books of adventure ever written, published a work upon the popular game, "Croquet." Till his book appeared there was no *lex scripta* for the game, and therefore no authority to appeal to, so that different croquet grounds, as doubts or disputes arose, invented their own laws, and croquet was in danger of degenerating into a state of utter confusion. Seeing this, Captain Mayne Reid devoted himself to the task of drawing up a code of rules, with explanatory footnotes, and spent four months in doing so. The result was worthy of the labour bestowed upon it, and the labourer naturally expected his hire. But his book was no sooner published than it fell into the hands of the pirates who are always ready to prey on other men's brains; and before long several sixpenny works were published, all based upon Captain Mayne Reid's, which sold for half-a-crown, all of course differing from it to save appearances and steer clear of the law of copyright, and, as the ignorance of the pirates would have it, all, wherever they differed, falling into error. But amongst these, one piracy was noteworthy, because it was printed and published by Miss Emily Faithfull for the Earl of Essex, and bore the title, "The Rules of Croquet, revised and corrected by an Old Hand." The "Old Hand" was, in truth, as far as his book went, Captain Mayne Reid, under another name, with a new publisher and printer. The piracy was clear, and as the book sold for sixpence, the Captain found himself so successful a rival of himself that the sale of the half-crown edition of his work came almost to a standstill. Now this was most unfair, but it seems that neither Miss Faithfull nor the Earl of Essex is to blame. The Earl got a friend to write the book for him, Miss Faithfull printed and published it. Neither knew till lately what a very old hand the "Old Hand" was. But both know it now, and they have consented that a perpetual injunction shall issue, restraining the further publication of the "Old Hand's" book, and that all copies unsold shall be delivered up to Captain Reid to be destroyed. Moreover, the Earl undertakes to pay Captain Reid £125 compensation for the injury occasioned by the infringement of his copyright, together with all costs of suit. This is satisfactory. And now that croquet players know the history of their sixpenny manuals, and that they are only piracies, and, what is worse, corruptions, of a book which merits to be the standard manual of the game, they will, no doubt, decide in favour of paying half a crown for Captain Reid's book, instead of having his rules and explanations at second hand, and very much the worse for the process of transmigration, for sixpence.

THE NIGHT HOUSES AND THE COMPOSITORS.

"BECAUSE thou art unvirtuous, shall we have no more cakes and ale?" To starve the Haymarket into decency, Queen, Lords, and Commons have taken the bread out of honest men's mouths, and the needful cup from their lips. Railway and market porters who work in the small hours to provide sleeping London with its day's rations of meat and vegetables, must do penance for the sins of the West End; compositors, carriers, and hay-carters, who have to turn night into day for the general good, must for the same cause wait for their bread and cheese and their glass of ale till the clock chimes four. Which of all these classes suffers most

seems to be matter of some controversy. The compositor complains of having to work six or seven hours nightly in a stifling atmosphere under the glare of argand gas-burners. Carriers, cattle-dealers and other out-door sufferers plead the misery of being exposed to the pelting storm of wind and rain. And this to reform the worthless frequenters of the Haymarket! But while these men are denied a bench to sit down upon, and needful refreshments, "licenses," writes a compositor to the *Daily News*, "can be obtained for balls and entertainments at fashionable rooms or hotels, or for purposes of amusement, and the aristocratic tourist and traveller can obtain his refreshment at the railway station." Hotels and clubs are also exempted from the new bill.

This is hard. And, in fact, as far as the compositors are concerned, it is a breach of faith; for Sir George Grey promised them a favourable consideration of their case. Perhaps he thought he had fulfilled his promise when he introduced a clause into the Bill, giving Commissioners of Police power to grant licenses of exemption on special occasions. But the Commissioners hold that the words "special occasions" mean what they say, and that the power given by the clause points exclusively to "occasions," and not to "cases." There is, however, no help for it till next session—unless Sir George can persuade the Commissioners to make up by a stretch of authority for the inaccuracy of his language. The hardship of the case will certainly justify the most liberal construction of the Act.

WHOOPING-COUGH.

MR. JAMES CRAIG, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, adverting to the fact that 12,272 persons died from whooping-cough in 1862, states that during a recent visit he noticed in the most respectable Swedish journals a statement to the effect that whooping-cough can be cured by inhaling the air from the purifying apparatus in gas-works. One of these writers says, "This knowledge we have had from two to three months. I know a family where three children were cured by three visits to the purifying-house. Our most distinguished physician for the diseases of children, Professor Abelin, has found the remedy equally effective on a patient of his own family. I have seen a boy from three to four years of age he cured by six visits, the first three only lasting 10 to 15 minutes; the latter, on the contrary, 30 to 45 minutes." Mr. H. M. L. Backler, of London, confirms this statement, and adds that the practice of sending children to gasworks to inhale the gas from newly-opened purifiers has been adopted in France for two years past; and he says that, from information obtained at various works which he frequently visits, he infers that the cure for whooping-cough is perfect. "It often occurs that as many as a dozen children are brought to the gasworks at one time, and the managers have now come to regard this new custom as part of the daily routine of business."

PERILS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

MR. CHARLES SMITH furnishes another proof of the necessity for communication between the passengers and the guard of a train. Travelling lately by the North-Western to Fleetwood, his fellow-passenger found, after passing Tring, that the tarpaulin and luggage on the roof of their carriage were on fire. By great good fortune, after shouting till they were hoarse, the guard's attention was at last arrested and the train stopped, when it was found that the luggage was burnt down almost to the roof. A little more, and it would have burnt its way through the roof, with what result it is not difficult to imagine. So now to the perils of railway travelling by assassins, maniacs, drunkards, and ruffians of all sorts, we must add perils by fire, which have shown themselves not indeed now for the first time.

THE ENOCH ARDEN OF REAL LIFE.—The *Montreal Herald* gives the following report of a case, "*Jean Hyacinthe Cordier v. Mary Jane Cordier*," which was recently before the Supreme Court of Canada. It appears that in December, 1849, the plaintiff was a young jeweller, about nineteen years of age, and the defendant was a dressmaker of twenty-three years of age. He was French and she was English. The consequence of their intimacy led to the arrest of the plaintiff by the defendant on a charge of seduction. While in the station-house a settlement was had, and the parties were married in a cell by a Catholic priest. Immediately after the ceremony the plaintiff left, and, as alleged by the defendant, ran away secretly. She heard nothing till eighteen months ago, when she was informed he had died in the mines of California. About two years after, not having heard from Cordier, and in the full belief that he was dead, she married Mr. John Price, by whom she had five children. Ten years after her second marriage, and fourteen years after her first marriage, Mr. Cordier turned up. He had emigrated to California, as he claimed, with the knowledge of Mary. He had there opened a restaurant, prospered, and now returned home rich to claim his bride. Finding that his wife had remarried, he brought a suit for divorce. He alleged that the rumours of his death had been started by his wife herself, and that she had never made any inquiries respecting him. The wife admitted the marriage with Price, but claimed that she had done so believing that Cordier was dead; that he had abandoned her for a number of years, during all of which she had no tidings of him. The case was referred to a referee, who reported in favour of plaintiff. To this report the defendant took exceptions. It was claimed that plaintiff had no standing in court, the well-known rule of equity requiring a suitor to come into court with clean hands having no application in this case, inasmuch as he had abandoned his lawful wife for fifteen years, and only

took the present steps from malice, with a view to revive the dead scandal, ruin an inoffensive woman, blast the reputation of innocent children, and entirely alter the social relations of Mr. Price and his family. The plaintiff denied that he had abandoned his wife, but claimed that they had been regularly separated in pursuance of an agreement between them before the marriage took place. The judge directed that the report of the referee must be confirmed, and granted a divorce to plaintiff.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE STEAMER "FOAM."—The *Foam*, a smart built paddle-wheel steamer, purchased of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, together with her sister vessels, the *Petrel* and *Scud*, by Mr. F. Sable, of Liverpool, for the "China trade," took her trial trip from Tilbury, under her new owners, on Tuesday, the 30th ult. She is not a new steamer, having been built in 1862; but considerable improvements since that time have been made, both in her machinery and hull. The builders are the Messrs. Samuda Brothers, and her engines of 240 horse-power (nominal), are supplied by the eminent firm of Ravenhill, Salkeld, & Co. The *Foam* is 230 feet in length, and 24 feet between her bulwarks, her extreme breadth being 26½ feet. Her depth is 14 feet 6 inches. She received on board a party of about 100 gentlemen, and proceeded down the river to the Sea Reach, where she was tested several times at the measured mile. The results gave general satisfaction, proving her capable of an average speed of nearly fifteen knots an hour, with 250 tons of dead weight out of her 800 tons burthen, which may be taken to be her reckoning in all weathers; and over seventeen knots light. After giving this proof of her powers, the *Foam* steamed at a pretty pace towards the Nore, which she rounded, and then bore up for the *Great Eastern*, which is lying in the estuary of the Medway, off Sheerness. Mr. Sable had very considerably made arrangements which enabled his company to board the leviathan steamer, and spend a pleasant hour in inspecting her. After the company had partaken of an excellent cold collation, served in the chief cabin, the prosperity of the *Foam* and the healths of the present owners were toasted with the usual honours, to which Mr. Sable replied in appropriate terms. On the return home the *Foam* kept up her dashing style, arriving off Blackwall at 8 pm. Before separating, the visitors expressed their entire satisfaction with the proceedings, and exchanged congratulations on the pleasant day they had spent.

LOVE IN A DRAPER'S SHOP.—In an incident that has just occurred in Liverpool we have another evidence of how the powerful promptings of a "tender" heart control the more reflective senses of the mind. In a rather extensive business establishment in Liverpool, where several assistants are engaged, there might have been seen, a week or two since, a young man of commanding deportment and of agreeable features, who gave effect to his avocation behind the counter in a manner that was at once inviting to the customers, and conducive to the success of his master. With many purchasers he became a favourite, but with one in particular. More than once—sometimes more than twice—in the course of a week, a carriage would be drawn up at the shop door, from which would emerge a lady, apparently between thirty and forty years of age—tall, of delicate appearance, but with an outline of features that unmistakably indicated an aristocratic descent. If the young gentleman—we say young, for he was scarcely twenty-one years of age—was not at his accustomed position behind the counter upon her entering the shop, she made the most urgent inquiries after him, desiring that he should attend to her and no one else. The worthy proprietor was always too happy to comply with her desire, for she was one of those first-rate customers that settled a good ledger account once in six months without the allowance of the ordinary discount. The favourite salesman was soon at his post serving the lady, and though a goodly number of articles might be disposed of, there appeared to exist a "peculiar something" in the "business transaction" which in the course of time looked very much like a warm cordiality of sentiment, and a reciprocity of feeling and idea bordering upon mutual attachment. Of course the young man was "chaffed" exceedingly by his envious shopmates, who were wont to ejaculate in their strange surmises that it was a sort of proceeding "no fellow could understand." Since one day last week, however, the buxom stripling has become *non est* as far as the establishment is concerned, while the face of the lady as well has not presented itself within the visionary region of the other assistants or their employer. It is stated that a letter was addressed by the young man to his mother, on the eve prior to his leaving, stating "that he had left his old place to better himself elsewhere. Fortune had suddenly smiled upon him in a wondrous manner!" He assured his mother also that "the next time she confronted her 'darling boy,' she would see him a gentleman of the first stamp. He should then decline to say where he was gone, but he trusted she would not be nervous on that account, as she would hear from him again shortly." On inquiries being instituted, it was discovered that the lady too had been missing for several days from her home. No traces up to Thursday last—nearly a week having then elapsed—had been discovered of her whereabouts. She has been a widow for five years, and is without encumbrance. She has been residing in a rather picturesque village in Lancashire since her widowhood, and is in receipt of a liberal income. Under present circumstances we omit the names of the parties.—*Liverpool Courier*.

THAMES ANGLING.—The reports from the assistant river keepers of the Thames Angling Preservation Society for the week ending the 24th ultimo, concur in representing the fishing as much improved within the last few days, owing to the recent rains. Fletcher describes the sport in the neighbourhood of Staines as "excellent." He states that one gentleman with a friend took 58lb. of barbel, roach, and dace at Staines-bridge; another caught upwards of 40lb.; and another party upwards of 50lb. At Chertsey, Halliford, and Sunbury, there has been tolerable sport. There have been plenty of perch and gudgeon taken at Hampton, some few small barbel at Moulsey, where the fishing, however, has not been as good. At Kingston the bank fishers have done well amongst the barbel and bream—a lad took one of the former of 5½lb. Dace fishing has continued good at Teddington; Errington reports eleven dozen having been taken in one hour.

At Twickenham there has been some good takes, and the roach are feeding better. One gentleman took 15 dozen dace (one weighing 3lb.), and nine barbel, near Petersham Island; and in the same place, a day or two afterwards, another angler took 13 dozen dace and six barbel. Fly fishing has been exceedingly good from Richmond to the Duke of Orleans' residence, as many as five dozen fine dace having been taken by one rod. The dace have never been finer than they are this season. About Brentford and Kew the river is in so filthy a condition as to be very destructive to the fish. A gentleman thus writes—"From Kew Bridge to Brentford Ferry, on Saturday last, shortly after high tide, I saw at least a dozen men with boat-hooks and landing-nets, catching a great number of large barbel and small roach in a stupid state, rolling about as if drunk, and altogether in a most unhealthy condition, which is attributable to the poisonous state of the water." All the praiseworthy exertions of the Thames Angling Preservation Society will be rendered abortive if the fish are thus to be poisoned by tons in the tideway; but it is satisfactory to know that the question is undergoing serious consideration in the proper quarter.

HOW PRESENTATIONS TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL ARE DISPOSED OF.—The number of governors is now about 500. With the exception of the aldermen and other official governors, they present to the vacancies which occur in the hospital. It thus happens that the presentation of a child is treated as valuable private patronage, and not as a trust for the benefit of fatherless and other necessitous children. A hospital such as St. Bartholomew's could not be abused like this, for sick persons only would enter it. A presentation is worth so much money, and money's worth is always got in exchange, unless a relation or near connection is presented. One man presents his nephews; another, as my worthy friend the alderman, the children of his best customers. It is amusing to observe the forms which are gone through. The applicant signs a printed paper addressed to their workshops the treasurer and committee of almoners, who sit in solemn state on the first Tuesday in each month to receive these petitions, and he states that he is in distress and needs relief, and begs that he may be relieved by having one of his children educated in Christ's Hospital. This application is duly certified by the minister of the parish and churchwardens, as if the applicant was a common pauper. But at the corner of this curious document there is this important notice:—"Recommended by ———, governor." Though the treasurer and committee are sitting in solemn state to relieve the distressed, it is all a farce; the person recommended by the governor is, as far as I know, always admitted. Without this recommendation none can be admitted. The very list of governors who have presentations for that year is sold at the counting-house for a shilling. What alteration is required is plain. None should be admitted who are not really distressed. The governor might recommend, but it should be only a recommendation in case the applicant is necessitous, and not an order for admission. No governor should recommend a relation; no great person the child of a favourite servant instead of raising his wages.—*City Press*.

PRIVATE STAMPS.—The private and commercial postage stamp system of America is gradually being introduced here. A short time since a company of carriers started in London for the purpose of conveying small parcels from one end of the metropolis to the other at the extraordinarily low price of one penny per package. A spruce conveyance, with a driver and conductor, stopped at your door, received the parcel, and then carried the same to its destination for the coin mentioned. The company does not take money, as much time is thus lost in giving change—some people never having any other coin than a sovereign to pay for the smallest object, but they issue stamps, value one penny, and these can be readily affixed at any time, and the delay alluded to thus prevented. The stamps are very similar to the "Express" stamps of New York and Philadelphia. Some of our London railways now propose to issue stamps for the conveyance of small packages along their lines, from station to station, their value to be determined by distance. Thus, from any one station to another within a length of fifty miles 2d.; one hundred miles 4d.; one hundred and fifty miles 6d., or some such division. The Caledonian Railway has already commenced the issue of farthing stamps to pay for the transmission of newspapers along its route. The stamps are perforated and gummed like our ordinary postage stamps, and are sold in sheets containing a dozen. The stamp bears the impress "Caledonian Railway, No. ———. For one newspaper only. To be called for by consignee at the station on the Caledonian Railway to which it is addressed."

RAILWAY PORTERS' PRONUNCIATION.—If the Jew salesman has often been ridiculed for the breach he commits against the laws of our language by his "old clo!" we think the railway porters of our principal lines are quite as great offenders against the proprieties of our mother tongue. When a passenger ten miles from his home only knows the name of the station he has arrived at by having been there before, or by the large board sometimes affixed to the paling, how is it possible for the stranger, who came from hundreds of miles away, and who knows nothing of the locality, to ascertain where he is by the discordant bawl or twang of the porter—especially if the board alluded to has not been put up. Miss Brontë often used to speak to her London friends about the odd pronunciations of *Keighley*, which the natives of that part of the West Riding indulged in. The people in the parish had it one way, and the people outside another. *Kithly* was the favourite style, however, but this may be considered a polite rendering when compared with the present "cla, cla, CLA!" of the railway porters on the Great Midland Railway.

ANOTHER OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S JOKES.—I find the following in Mr. Fitzgerald's "Memoir":—"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground." What I take to be the real story is recalled to me by this version. It was

told to me some years ago by a retired member of the Irish bar, who was himself a witness to the archiepiscopal "sell." As Dr. Whately was dining in company with several of the judges, the conversation turned upon hanging. His grace was nettled at the extreme bump-tiousness of one of the legal dignitaries, and asked him abruptly, "Why is a man hung?" The unconscious victim gave the historico-legal reply which befitted his position. "Bah!" interrupted his tormentor, "I'll tell you in these words—it's because the rope's so short." This sort of chaff is stupid enough, but the archbishop would have his joke—if bad, well; if good, so much the better. There is one con-pun-drum of which I have heard him accused, which I have not seen in print. "Why is 'Essays and Reviews' like a mill-pond?" "Because it has been dammed up." I have heard in Dublin that Dr. Whately kept in the yard of his house a large tree-block, on which he generally had half an hour's chopping for exercise in the morning. It is hard to say how much intellectual beheading that block saved the archbishop's stupid friends.—*Notes and Queries*.

THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON FESTIVAL.—Within the last few days a document of a very flattering and complimentary kind has been forwarded to Mr. James Sharp, signed by Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., Mr. E. F. Flower (Mayor of Stratford), the Rev. G. Granville (vicar), Mr. R. H. Hobbes, and Dr. Kingsley. Mr. Sharp held the office of secretary for some time previous to the great tercentenary festival, and resigned the appointment in June last. The following is a copy of the document:—"At a meeting of the tercentenary committee, held at Stratford-on-Avon, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—'That the best thanks of the committee be given to Mr. James Sharp for the zeal, energy, and ability he evinced during the period he officiated as their secretary. They desire to express their high commendation of his courteous demeanour, business aptitude, and unwearied attention to the duties of his office; and, as an evidence of their estimation of his worth and services, resolve that a private subscription be entered into amongst the members of the committee to enable them to present him with a Shakesperian silver medal, as a memento of their appreciation of his labours during the tercentenary festival.' Signed, on behalf of the committee, Robert Hamilton, chairman; E. F. Flower and G. Granville, vice-chairmen; Robert H. Hobbes, chairman of finance; and Henry Kingsley, M.D., hon. secretary."

AN ENGLISHMAN IMPRISONED AT CUBA.—The *Times* publishes a letter describing the recent misfortunes of Mr. Goodman, an English gentleman in Cuba. He and a fellow-artist, who was related to some of the inhabitants of Santiago de Cuba, an important town on the south coast of the island, went to visit a fortified castle in the neighbourhood of the town, called the Morro. On their arrival near this castle they met a body of soldiers, who allowed them to pass on, and they enjoyed the picturesque scenery for two hours. On their way home, however, they were stopped by the soldiers, brought back to the castle, and put into a dungeon, thence the next day taken to Santiago, and there after a few hours' detention in prison, examined and dismissed. Their liberation seems to have been obtained in great measure by the interference of the consul. Through him an appeal is made to the Foreign-office, and her Majesty's government is expected "at least to demand an explanation and apology from the Spanish authorities for this disgraceful outrage on the person of one of the Queen's subjects."

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term of which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Poco," means "white hair," the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo," from a term signifying "labour," from the care required in its preparation.—*Missouri Democrat*.

SALMON.—One of the sights of Southampton is now the splendid salmon that are to be seen daily on our fishmongers' stalls. One day this week there was one weighing 40lb. This is the largest that has been seen in Southampton. In London there are at times 50lb and even 60lb salmon to be seen. Woodmill salmon are rarely caught over 30lb. The largest salmon come generally from Holland. We are indebted to our railways and the practice of packing fish in ice for the plentiful supply of salmon we now receive. The rivers of Holland, Northern Europe, and Scotland, furnish the South of England with the king of fishes. Notwithstanding this supply, it is not sufficiently large, we are sorry to say, for the poorer classes to see it on their tables.—*Southampton Times*.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.—In the *Figaro* there appears an amusing letter *soi-disant* from the "Spirite" of Madame de Sevigné, remonstrating in most pathetic language against the statue which is proposed to be erected to her memory at Vichy. She complains of the unfair harshness of the decree which condemns her, merely because her letters to her daughter were agreeably written, either to stand upright in the middle of a public square, or, like Molière, to sit eternally on a fountain at the corner of a street. She implores posterity to spare her being thus held up to ridicule, and suggests that the money voted for the purpose be distributed among distressed authors, or devoted to the erection of an institution for their support in old age or sickness.

TWO ONE-LEGGED COMMANDERS.—It is observed by those curious in coincidences that both the commanders-in-chief of the confronting armies at Atlanta, Hood and Sherman, have left a leg on the battlefield. General Sherman has, however, physically an advantage over his opponent in the use of both arms, while General Hood has only a stump in the place of one of his. General Sherman lost his leg in the repulse from Port Hudson, General Hood in the victory of Chickamauga.—*The Index*.

TIRED OF HIS BOARDING-HOUSE.—A prisoner of war advertises from Johnson's Island, in a New York journal, for a substitute to take his place in the military prison there:—"Wanted.—A substitute to stay here in my place. He must be 30 years old; have a good moral character; A 1 digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such an one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations, and unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, enclosing half a dozen postage stamps.—ASA HARTZ."

A FRENCH JOURNALIST'S CREDULITY.—The *France* gives a translation of a certain advertisement published in the *London Life*, offering a reward of £600 for an assassin to murder the director of a railway company. The *France*, with a credulity worthy of M. Mocquard, adds, "Well, it is sad to say, but we have it from a good source, that a large number of demands have already been addressed to the offices of the *London Life*. *Il y a plus que l'embarras du choix*."

THE AMERICAN DEBT.—The *Times* estimates that by next summer the interest to the payment of which the Federal States will have bound themselves will be some £25,000,000 sterling—that is, that the burden of their national debt will be almost equal to that under which we have so long complained. And this amount, be it remembered, is independent of the States' debts, which form in themselves a considerable burden on the community.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A loyal woman has written an able paper on the crisis, in which she protests against killing off all the men. She says:—"I do not believe in fighting for the country and the flag to the last man; and it seems to me anybody is an idiot who talks such nonsense. What would the country be to me or any other woman if the 'last man' was gone?"—*American Paper*.

THE Colosseum is about to be pulled down. The necessary sanction from the Crown has been obtained for the alterations, which will be expressed in an elegant crescent on the Regent's Park side, and a panthecon—or warehouse for storing goods—on the Albany-street side.

The telegraph department in India is about having its efficiency increased in a way which is novel, at all events in India. Nine hundred and seven female *employées* are going there to take charge of the wires, so the *Mofussilite* tells us.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will visit Liverpool—his native place—on the 10th of October, on the invitation of the mayor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LLANDUDNO EISTEDDFOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—We have been for the last few days inundated with Welsh visitors to their great annual national gathering, and until last night the Saxon foreigner has been quite at a discount here. The town has been swarming with natives, dressed in something more civilized than the skins wherewith their fathers were wont to deck their noble forms, but speaking the same uneuphonious dialect. Harpists and bards with most astonishing names have been competing in the pavilion with all their might through the day, and drinking something less ambrosial than nectar at the hotel-bars through the evening, like ordinary mortals. Together with these aspirants for bardic degrees have come a miscellaneous and ragged host of conjurors and showmen, tumblers and pickpockets. A funny gentleman, who spoke at one of the meetings of the Eisteddfod—though, as he was a London Baptist minister, we are at a loss to know what was his claim to be heard, except that his name was Jones—hit the mark pretty nearly, in saying that "this was the Welshman's Derby-day," and compensated for the want of horse-racing and theatres, dog-shows and donkey-shows! The crowds and various noises certainly reminded the "stranger" of the scene on Epsom Downs. It is, however, just to say, that although many of the excursionists were of a low class, there was not more disorder than is usual on such occasions.

The business of the gathering began on Tuesday by a procession of the local committees and bards to the "Gorsedd" or throne at the upper end of the parade, where a solemn conclave called a "Gorsedd" was held. The throne consisted of four small stones, with a large paving stone on the top of them, and formed the centre of a Druidic circle, drawn, as the local journal observes, with "great care and veneration." On this mystic spot several "bards, ovates (who devote themselves to prose-writing), druids, and an archdruid," were declared worthy of the distinctions they sought, and then the procession marched off to escort Mr. Hughes, the president of the day, to the pavilion, where the rest of the proceedings were conducted. The structure was really a great credit to the architect. It contained 5,000 spectators with ease, was light and well ventilated, and furnished with sufficient decorations to redeem its walls from any appearance of bareness. Around the room were various mottoes in Welsh and English. "Truth against the world" seemed the favourite sentiment, and I only hope it will be better recollected for the future by Welsh juries and Welsh witnesses. They should strive without delay to correct the faults which have frequently drawn down on them well-deserved rebukes from the judges of assize.

The tone of Mr. Hughes's speech was a great improvement on the cataract of nonsense with which some of the speakers disgraced last year's meeting at Swansea. He acknowledged that a desire to perpetuate the Welsh language—"the most beautiful and expressive in the known world!"—was the purpose of Eisteddfodan, but disclaimed all wish to exclude English. In fact, it is becoming, whether the natives will or no, daily more impossible to do so. Every waiter and chambermaid must know English; the same may be said of every railway porter. If they were to forget their Welsh it would be "of no consequence," but the language of the Saxon is a *sine quâ non*.

The president, therefore, did quite right in accepting a state of things which has become inevitable. The rest of the speeches,—and among them was an excellent address by Dr. Vaughan,—adopted the same moderate tone, so that on the first day of the festival nobody raised the idiotic cry of "Wales for the Welsh."

The next morning there was a meeting of the Social Science section, when Dr. Nicholas of Caermarthen read a sensible paper on the indifferent education provided for the middle classes of the Principality. He told a few home truths in the course of his essay, which did not meet the approval of all his hearers. One of them denied that there was any more stolid ignorance in Wales than in England, and then went on in a "Justice to Wales" strain to enumerate some grievances, real or fancied. He complained, I know not with what reason, of the apathy of Welsh M.P.'s on Welsh questions. I suppose he would like to see a Welsh "brigade" sitting beside the Irish "brigade" in the House of Commons, but he will not find many to sympathise with him. Again he complained, wholly without reason, that no one belonging to Wales was on the Bench. What does he call Mr. Justice Williams? Of course the two Welsh circuits do not provide us with many judges, for the business done on them is too limited to attract the ablest lawyers. But to insinuate that any Lord Chancellor cares a sixpence from what part of the kingdom the judges he appoints come, is ridiculous.

Mr. George Osborne Morgan, a Chancery barrister, was president for the second day. His address chiefly consisted of a fluent but somewhat injudicious panegyric on the Welsh language. A much wiser course was taken on Thursday by Mr. Hartley, of Manchester, the chief speaker at the Social Science Meeting in the morning, who, in a paper on the commercial condition of Wales, told his audience plainly that English and not Welsh was the language patriots should encourage. "The Welsh press and those platform orators who advocate Welsh only, for the Welsh people, are advising them to commit national suicide." The Bishop of Bangor, who was chairman of the day, made no allusion to the topic; but Mr. Williams, who presided yesterday, also stated that the object of the Eisteddfod was not to preserve the old language, except for patriotic purposes. The Council, who control the distribution of the funds collected, would do well to act in the spirit of these sensible observations, and give less of their money to encourage Welsh, and more to encourage English composition.

In addition to the official speeches, there were on each day poems recited, competitions in "playing the triple harp," "congregational tunes," "duet singing," and adjudications on written essays. Some of the prizes were contended for by a number of candidates; but for others there was either no competition, or else a single candidate walked over the course. On the last day there was a second "Gorsedd" held, to confer titles on another batch of druids, bards, and ovates, and the same nonsensical ceremonies were gone through as on Tuesday. The whole meeting passed off without discord, with the exception of a squabble between the Committee and a Mr. Morris, on Friday, into the merits of which it is not worth while to enter.

I must not forget to mention the concerts with which each day concluded. They were but moderately attended, and the music was not first-rate. The best and only noticeable feature of the performances was the playing on the harp, by Messrs. Chatterton & Thomas. Miss Edith Wynne sang with her usual taste, but the room was rather too large for her voice. The popular favourite was evidently "Llew Llwyvo," whose appearance was hailed with roars of delight by the Welsh portion of his audience. His voice is powerful, and with training he would prove a valuable acquisition to a concert manager.

Altogether, this Eisteddfod seems a very harmless, though a rather tame affair. As Mr. Jones observed, it is at least as good as a donkey-show. It is evidently without the slightest national importance. Welshmen themselves smile at the strange antics and clumsy gambols with which the semblance of antiquity is kept up. They simply consider it as an expedient for making a few days' holiday. To compare it to the Olympic games or the tournament of the middle ages, as Mr. Morgan did, is mere rhodomontade. If, however, the Social Science Section were further developed, some real advantage might be attained. No doubt the education of farmers and other inhabitants of the purely agricultural districts is deplorably defective, and any well-devised scheme for improving it would meet with a cordial response, not only from Welshmen but Englishmen.

But the main purpose of the Eisteddfod must end in failure. No language can live which has ceased to be either the vehicle of commercial intercourse or of great literary effort. It cannot be fostered by artificial means, and the moment it has ceased to be worth learning, its death-warrant is sealed. It will die, like the Cornish dialect, and it will deserve to die. The Welsh may continue, if they please, to keep up their feelings of nationality, which are quite independent of language, although I doubt if they are in earnest about it. They are a shrewd and far-seeing people, and appreciate the cash, while they profess to abhor the language of the Saxon. Every day of railway communication renders provincial distinctions and jealousies more impracticable.

I cannot but believe that in a very few years a visitor to this charming watering-place will hardly know whether he is in England or Wales. The whole town, with its great hotels and well-built terraces, subsists on English capital; and throughout the Principality, at Barmouth and Aberystwyth, Llanberis and Dolgelley, English tourists bring plenty and prosperity with them. It is vain for the weaker race to attempt to remain in sulky isolation. Eisteddfods and Gorsedd will prove as powerless as Mrs. Partington's mop to resist the tide of peaceful invaders.—Yours, &c.

Llandudno, Saturday, August 28.

AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

POLICE SUPERVISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I trust you will allow me to correct an error into which the author of the article entitled "The New Penal Servitude Regulations"

in your last number has fallen, especially as it concerns the opinion of my eminent friend, Baron Holtzendorff, whose absence from this country renders it impossible for him to make the correction himself. In the article to which I refer the writer states his objections to the proposed police supervision over discharged prisoners in this country, on the same plan as has been carried out under the direction of Sir Walter Crofton in Ireland. In confirmation of his views, the writer refers to the following extract from the writings of that eminent jurist, Baron Holtzendorff:—"In France and Prussia police supervision is little more than a moral stigma—a predestination to a career of crime." From this it might very naturally be concluded that the Baron is opposed to the police supervision which is proposed for this country (viz. Sir W. Crofton's system), as well as to that which exists on the continent. So far from doing so, he most cordially approves of the system of police supervision proposed for this country. In the same essay from which the quotation above referred to was made, Baron Holtzendorff remarks:—"By Continental supervision a criminal class is created where it formerly did not exist; by the Irish supervision a criminal class will be destroyed where it had commenced to form itself." The entire drift of the Baron's remarks in his paper on Police Supervision is to point out the difference between the system pursued on the Continent and that in Ireland, approving the latter as warmly as he condemns the former. To imagine that our English police will not be able to carry out this system as ably as the Irish police have done, is but a poor compliment to them. "I know," says Sir W. Crofton, K.C.B., "the police of both England and Ireland, and their system of proceeding, and I have no reason to impute to the Saxon a want of discretion, which we have not experienced from the Celt."

Permit me to add that M. Beranger, M. Demetz, and Professor Mittermaier have all adopted the views of Baron Holtzendorff, approving the one system of police supervision, and condemning the other.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, LL.D.

8, Pelham Crescent, South Kensington, S.W.,
Aug. 30, 1864.

OUR ROADS AS THEY ARE, AND AS THEY SHOULD BE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Your able exposure of the defective state of our roads will, it is to be hoped, attract the attention of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who are authorised, by their Act of Parliament, to take the paving, as well as other metropolitan works, under their control; for, unless some superior power of this description is called upon to interfere, we cannot expect the evils of which you complain to be remedied. Those of dust, mud, and danger to horses, from sharp angular stones getting into the frogs of their hoofs, are not the only nuisances complained of. The danger to horses who so frequently fall on slippery granite blocks, added to the incessant noise of carriages rolling over such blocks, has been so severely felt as to render it difficult for individuals to hear each other speak in shops, clubs, or front-rooms, where streets are thus paved; requisitions have been accordingly frequently made to parochial authorities for the substitution of some paving of a less objectionable nature, one of them recently made bearing the signatures of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Viscount Palmerston, and other inhabitants of Piccadilly, as well as of several members of club-houses, and other residents in that street, as well as in Pall-mall, St. James-street, &c., to which no attention has been as yet paid; hence the necessity for the power given the Board of Works, for the superintendence of paving as well as all other metropolitan evils.

The nuisances arising from the grinding of street organs, so long complained of and unattended to, has at length obtained a remedy by the additional powers given to police magistrates; but as the street nuisances you have exposed can be remedied without the aid of the police-courts, it is to be hoped that by the force of public opinion recourse to law may be rendered unnecessary, although it appears to have been required in the case you alluded to in your article, when certain omnibus proprietors served a vestry with notice of an action for damages, "owing to injuries sustained by their vehicles, axles, tires and springs, often giving way from sinking into broken granite when newly laid."

These are evils that can be effectually remedied in the manner pointed out by one of your correspondents in a letter you inserted on the 13th August, under the signature of "Civil Engineer," who pointed out an improved system of forming broken stones into blocks by means of a bituminous cement impervious to water, whereby mud, dust, and the sinking by carriage-wheels, as well as danger to horses, can, according to his statement, be most effectually provided against. As it appears that this correspondent enclosed his card, I presume there can be no objection to giving his name and address; or if this letter should reach his eye, he may perhaps give such information through your paper as will enable the public to profit by such an improvement as he adverts to, and which, regardless of the opposition usually made by contractors, under the existing systems, to all changes that might interfere with their profits, and the good understanding that usually exists between them and paving-boards, an additional removal of street nuisances may be thus obtained.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. WILSON.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The correspondent who lately addressed you on the subject of St. Alban's Abbey, may be a "Lover of Antiquity," but he certainly allows his zeal to outrun his discretion, and exhibits such deplorable ignorance of the subject upon which he has written, that I trust you will allow me a few words in reply.

The manner in which he states his case is at once so droll and

original that I cannot help drawing your attention to it as a specimen of a style I had imagined obsolete. He begins by admitting that no doubt repairs are sometimes "rendered necessary by the effects of antiquity," and then goes on to say that "it may have happened in some instances that the base and incongruous additions of later times . . . have been removed, and the edifice rendered more like what it was when originally built." His submission to the popular belief in the destructive influence of time, is worthy of notice, while the way in which he speaks of the labours of the clergy, archaeologists, and others who have interested themselves in church restoration during the last half century, is as impertinent as it is ungrammatical. *May have happened!* In what benighted region does your correspondent reside? Where does he pass his time? Why, there is scarce a district in England, turn wherever you may, where you may light upon some church cleared of the whitewash that had disfigured it for generations, the monuments reverently restored, the paving repaired, the sleeping-boxes removed and benches substituted, stained glass replaced where practicable, and the whole edifice made at once more cheerful, more comfortable, and more suitable for public worship.

In the special instance of misplaced restoration which he has alleged, your correspondent has been singularly unfortunate. I do not quite make out what it is he complains of, except that a new buttress has been built at St. Alban's Abbey, which has not "the tender outlines (whatever that may be) and the sober adornment of moss and lichens" of the old buttresses. He does not pretend to say authoritatively that the new buttresses are unnecessary, but he seems disturbed in his mind that the new buttresses have not been made to correspond with the old. Now, I would point out to your correspondent that, in the first place, it is very probable that the question as to the stability of the buttresses has been probably referred to some one who is able to give an opinion on the matter; and in the second, that it is very unlikely that if the restoration had been undertaken merely for "the sake of making the building look smart and pretty," that the buttresses, which are so essentially a constructive and not a decorative feature, would have been selected for this purpose; and, in conclusion, I would assure him that he may be content to leave the matter in the hands of those entrusted with it. The present rector of St. Alban's, the Rev. J. B. Nicholson, has laboured earnestly and reverently, during a period of nearly thirty years, in preserving the very interesting church entrusted to him, and, with very small means, has done much during that time to preserve it from decay, and to efface the disfigurements introduced during the dark ages. He is a highly accomplished gentleman; he is the author of a little book on the antiquities of St. Alban's and its vicinity, which is quite a model of what a guide-book should be; he is most deeply interested in the well-being of his church, and has been assisted in what he has done by the advice of eminent professional men, and is the last man in the kingdom who should be accused of "injudicious and soulless meddling."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. H.

THE MS. "SPECTATORS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Since addressing you on the above subject, I have received the following note from the Librarian of the Bodleian:—

"Bodleian Library, Oxford, Aug. 20, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt whatever about your MS. It is the handwriting of Addison. I have compared it with our original.

"Yours very truly,

"H. O. COXE."

In a further note, according permission to publish the above, Mr. Coxé repeats his opinion in even stronger terms with reference to the article in the *Athenæum* of Aug. 27.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Glasgow, Aug. 30, 1864.

J. D. C.

THE CHURCH.

A CHAMPION FOR MR. SPURGEON.

THE great Southwark judge of men and motives is now no longer left to fight his battle alone and single-handed. A friendly help has come in time of need to shield him from a fierce persecution by friends and foes, to which he has been most unjustly subjected. Though Mr. Noel may rebuke, and the Rev. Octavius Winslow, another Baptist brother, may chidingly whisper in his ear the sacred words, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of," Mr. Spurgeon will feel quite at ease, for a giant has come to his aid, and is kindly throwing his protecting ægis over him. Against the weight of the moral influence of two brothers of unblemished reputation he can now put as a set-off the judgment and approbation of the Rev. William Landels, of Regent's-park Chapel; for Mr. Landels believes that Mr. Spurgeon has done "good service to the cause of Christ by his sermon," and that he deserves the sympathy and support of all true Baptists. Unfortunately, however, for the eccentric preacher, the controversy has arrived at a stage in which there is a split in the Baptist camp, and the house has the appearance of being divided against itself. The fact is significant. If it prove anything, it proves that Mr. Spurgeon's case must be a bad one, when brothers, who are naturally bound to stand by him, feel obliged in conscience to desert him. It is precisely that kind of case in which one single honest testimony against an offender is worth a dozen in his favour. Of the two conflicting principles, Christian charity and party-feeling, experience teaches us that the latter prevails against the former in more than

nine cases out of every ten. When charity does prevail, therefore, it must be for the good reason that a strong sense of duty, and a conviction that wrong has been done, has pronounced on its side. The presumption, therefore, is, that the opinions of the Messrs. Noel and Winslow must preponderate, in the scale of impartial justice, over Mr. Landels' dicta, and that all the eloquence of Regent's-park Chapel will not avail to clear Mr. Spurgeon of the charge of "uncharitableness" which has been so clearly proved against him.

But we must now turn from the succoured to the succourer, from the accusation to the defence. On Sunday last a sermon on Baptismal Regeneration, duly and widely announced during the preceding week, was preached by Mr. Landels, in Regent's-park Chapel. That sermon has been since published; and it now lies before us. On casting a glance over its pages, the first fact we notice is that Mr. Landels is strongly of opinion that he can "detect a sophism." The readers of Mill and Whately are aware how great in practice is the difficulty of this kind of detection; but there can be no doubt that when a man has secured the power he possesses enormous advantage in his conflict with a feeble adversary. The opponents of Mr. Spurgeon, in Mr. Landels' opinion, have "some controversial ability," and can "display a special pleading more worthy of a lawyer than a minister of Christ;" but Mr. Landels himself can, in his own opinion, really detect sophistry. It is an advantage to have such a logical divine at hand, to help us in our present business; and we shall therefore ask him to do so on this occasion, in detecting some of the sophisms, juggles, contradictions, &c., which in his own sermon abound to the number of legion. We have read the sermon carefully, and with the most anxious desire to do it justice; but we are forced, in all honesty, to confess our complete disappointment as to its contents. It has contributed nothing—absolutely nothing—to the controversy. It is, in fact, Mr. Spurgeon repeated—a dilution of the Surrey orator—pure Spurgeon and water, without the fire and point of Mr. Spurgeon. What is said on the point under controversy was already said, and better said, by Mr. Spurgeon himself. What is original were better not said. It is as complete a tissue of contradictions as ever fell to the lot of a logician to analyse. A few examples of this most abnormal fructification of the argumentative faculty will not be without interest to our readers.

First of all, Mr. Landels, in the opening of his sermon, makes an apology to his hearers for going out of the beaten track of his ordinary teaching into the domain of controversy. He says that he is not in the habit of "giving prominence to points of *minor* importance in which we differ from other Christians." We had thought that baptismal regeneration was to the Baptists the point of *major* importance in which they differ from other Christians. But now this contradiction doubles back on itself, and we are told that this doctrine of "minor importance" is "nevertheless intimately connected not only with the Church of Christ, but with the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel." Did human ingenuity ever devise a more extraordinary logical sequence for proving that a matter of *minor* consequence is a matter of *major* consequence, or that black is white or white black? So much for the faculty of creating as well as detecting a sophism.

"Let me remark," says Mr. Landels, "that the question is not whether Mr. Spurgeon has been so guarded in his language as he might and should have been." What else in the name of logic, wisdom, or common sense, was the question? The world has been talking on the subject for the last two months as if this were the question. No one blamed Mr. Spurgeon for his doctrinal opinions; but everyone blamed him for the unguardedness of his language, for vituperation, and charges of perjury, immorality, and dishonesty, levelled against the Evangelical clergy. Surely Mr. Landels will never succeed in persuading people that this was not the question. Notwithstanding all this dust to blind people's eyes as to the real point at issue, Mr. Landels admits that Mr. Spurgeon has "spoken too strongly and uncharitably" of men whom he highly esteems; and he blames Mr. Noel for "having written a letter remonstrating with Mr. Spurgeon for this very want of charity." And yet he declares that the impropriety of the language used by him was not the question in hand. Mr. Noel wrote solely and singly about this uncharitableness, and yet we are told that it is not the point on which the controversy turns.

But the next utterance will startle the moral sensibilities of some of our readers. This uncharitableness, we are informed, is a "*minor* fault in a sermon of such *sterling* excellence!" And so we learn that the breach of that Christian virtue which is "the bond of perfectness" and "*sterling* excellence" can go hand in hand together in modern pulpit instruction. But the juggle of words and incongruity of ideas does not end here. This "*sterling* excellence," which is the set-off against the "*minor* fault," consists in Mr. Spurgeon's having pointed out "the impropriety of clergymen using the language of the Prayer Book." Thus, by a feat of sleight of intellectual dexterity, we arrive at the strange results, that the "*sterling* excellence" is the "uncharitableness;" that the uncharitableness is the "*minor* fault," and finally, to the astonishment of all who can "detect a sophism," that the "*minor* fault" is the "*sterling* excellence" of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon. Strange incompatibility! How thankful the congregation of the Metropolitan Tabernacle ought to be to Mr. Landels for so triumphant a logical vindication of their renowned pastor!

But there are stranger results still in this sermon than were ever yet dreamed of in human philosophy—in moral philosophy, to wit. Again, "the question is not," says Mr. Landels, "whether

evangelical clergymen are good men. We admit the goodness, and *eminent* godliness, of many that we know." Thus it is a comfort to learn that, in this divine's opinion, they are, at least, "good men." Here, however, there is a wide gulf between Mr. Landels and Mr. Spurgeon. The latter speaks his mind out, and openly declares that they are *not* good men; and he has at least the advantage of being consistent with himself. They are all perjurers, liars, deceivers, unfit for the society of honest men, in Mr. Spurgeon's opinion. Not so, however, in Mr. Landels'. "If Mr. Spurgeon means to deny this [that they are good men], I for one must differ from him." Such is his conviction. But only a few minutes before he had said that Mr. Spurgeon's "representation is sadly true." What strange "goodness," then, must we not have fallen on in our days. The mystery is, however, cleared up a little further on. "We dare not question their *goodness*," says this great pulpit oracle, "but, believing them to be good, we cannot understand how, while they denounce the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, they can, with a *good* conscience, give thanks to God for having regenerated every baptised child. To us it appears very much like *lying unto God*." In this and all the other quotations from Mr. Landels' sermon we have italicized the striking and incompatible expressions, in order to assist our readers' attention. What are we, then, to say to a "goodness" which exists under such extraordinary conditions? Can any moral philosopher give a consistent account of a Christian virtue having such extraordinary qualities? The possessor of this virtue must be a *good* man with a *bad* conscience. Mr. Landels "cannot understand" how he can have a *good* one. He must, moreover, be, or be very much like, "a good man lying unto God." Let us pause awhile to put these ideas together—a good man, bad conscience, and lying unto God, all mixed up into one compound idea. We confess ourselves perplexed, confounded, and totally unable to realize the conception; and we must invoke Mr. Landels' faculty of detecting sophisms to our aid to resolve the puzzle. To our minds such an idea is beyond comprehension. Mr. Spurgeon himself must be confounded at the logic of his friend. He, at least, had the merit of presenting us with a possible conception. No doubt he has shaken his head in serious doubt at this notion of "good men lying unto God," and before now with sorrow exclaimed,—

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Spurgeon eget."

One more instance of this incompatibility of Mr. Landels' ideas with himself, or with his other ideas, is deserving attention. "There are faults," he says, "which are the result of the defectiveness of human nature, and there are faults which an ecclesiastical system originates and conserves." This is an obvious truism; but for what is it here introduced? For no other purpose than to make believe that there are no ecclesiastical faults in Dissent. *Credat Judeus*. But Mr. Landels believes that there are none; none, at least, which may not be remedied. Not so fortunate, however, is the Church of England; she has no Christian liberty; she is in bondage "under the thralldom of an earthly power;" "she cannot accommodate her services to her spiritual wants." Now, Mr. Landels must be aware that it is the clergy, and not the laity, of the Church of England that are the most opposed to those alterations of the Liturgy which he seems to think so desirable. Does he mean then, by "earthly power," the clergy of the Established Church? No such thing; it is the laity, "Parliament," he has in his mind. This "earthly power," therefore, which is doing so much harm, is no other than the *secular* power. Now, will any clergyman presume to say that the laity are no part of the Church, ought to have no voice in her government or the settlement of her doctrines? Mr. Landels will scarcely venture on so bold an assertion; for he knows too well that, in his own Church, the Elders have no small share of power. Has Mr. Landels himself ever felt the thralldom of that earthly power in Regent's-park Chapel? We are credibly informed that the minister of this chapel is anxious to make some changes in this chapel to which his "elders" are stoutly opposed. It is said that Mr. Landels is extremely desirous of introducing selections from the Liturgy of the Church of England into his services, but will not be allowed to do so. The "thralldom" imposed by his congregation prevents him from being able to make even the trifling advance from an harmonium to an organ. Now, what a strange phenomenon we have to contemplate! Here is a clergyman condemning the Church of England because an "earthly power" will not agree to a change in her Liturgy, and yet he cannot get his own little "earthly power" to do a similar thing in its proper sphere; and more wonderful still, the change which he desires to make and which this power resists, is the adoption, in part, of that very Liturgy, the fixity of which he grieves over as a national sin. We leave Mr. Landels, for the present, to ponder over these things, to reconcile himself with himself, and to infuse, in the best way he can, consistency into his words and ideas. We are not yet done with his sermon. We have only considered the part peculiarly his own. To that part, the arguments of which are common to him and Mr. Spurgeon, we shall return at an early opportunity. So far it is sufficient to have shown how little benefit Mr. Spurgeon is likely to derive from the aid of an ally of such questionable ratiocinative powers.

THE LIVING OF BEDDINGTON.

As we write these lines, the friends of the late venerable rector of Beddington are preparing to consign his remains to their last

resting-place. Seldom have the words of "sure and certain hope" been pronounced with greater truth at a Christian's grave than they will be when the body of Dr. Marsh is committed to the ground. A man of no ordinary power of intellect, and of an earnestness of character, zeal, love, and devotedness to the Great Master whom through life he honestly served, he has finished his work among us, and he now no longer stands among the living. To his memory, then, let the highest tribute of earthly praise be paid. He yet lives among us in his last words—"Tell the clergy to preach Christ, to live Christ, to serve Christ, and they will joy and praise in eternity."

But who will fill Dr. Marsh's place at Beddington, and how, when it is filled, will that important position have been gained? For one quality the parish of Beddington has been ever noted: its bracing atmosphere, and probably its soil, contribute in some peculiar manner to promote longevity. The Rev. William Stuart, an early rector, known among his parishioners by the familiar soubriquet of "Old Scott," lived in Beddington to the good age of 110 years. Another incumbent, John Legge, D.D., lived there also to a ripe age; but, being made Bishop of Norwich in 1723, died in the discharge of his duty, having been smitten with small-pox at the coronation of George III. A later rector, John B. Ferrers, enjoyed the revenues of Beddington for fifty-eight years, from 1783 to 1841. Our readers, hearing that the late Dr. Marsh died at the age of 90 years, may perhaps be inclined to think that his was another instance of the beneficial influence on human life of the climate of Beddington. Should they think so, they will be quite mistaken; for to whatever cause Dr. Marsh may have owed his long life—a sound constitution, a good temper, healthful occupation—Beddington was no more concerned in it than the Fiji Islands. In fact, Dr. Wm. Marsh was rector of Beddington for no more than four years. He came into it at the advanced age of eighty-six, and he has left it at ninety. During that time, though too old to do much duty himself, he kept two curates, and by their help, combined with his own superintendence, this cure of 1,500 souls has been well and faithfully, in his day, attended to. But under all this faithful discharge of duty by a faithful man there lies a mystery. The advowson of the living of Beddington has been sold; it was sold in the very year in which Dr. Marsh was appointed. People acquainted with Church matters are aware that neither the advowson nor the presentation to a living can be sold when the incumbency is vacant; they are also probably aware that it is a practice—becoming rather too common in these days—to appoint a clergyman of advanced age, in such a case, to fill the living *pro tem.*, and to *nurse* it for some young expectant, who, after his appointment, becomes purchaser of the next presentation. We shall not say that this has happened in the case of Beddington parish; but this is a remarkable fact, of the truth of which any person can satisfy himself by looking at the Clergy Lists of the last ten years, that the patrons of Beddington, up to 1860, were the Representatives of Admiral Sir B. H. Carew, and that, from the Lists published since 1860, these patrons' names have disappeared. In these Lists there is now a blank after the name of the parish, as if it had no patron. Of course there is a patron; but why has not his name been given in any one of the Clergy Lists of the four last years? Can any person solve the mystery? Has the advowson been sold; and, if it has been, has the present presentation been sold by the purchaser to any fortunate young clergyman, who by right will now come in for a parish of £1,200 a year? Such things are sometimes done, as we have pointed out in a former article.

DR. PUSEY ON THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

An important manifesto, which calls up a question of the utmost importance for the consideration of Churchmen, has been set forth by Dr. Pusey on the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. Will the Church of England be content in future to abide by the decisions of this body on questions of doctrine? It is evident that the Church has lost its confidence in it as a Court of Appeal since its late judgment on *Essays and Reviews*. "Is there any hope, then," as Dr. Pusey asks, "of a more righteous judgment in the future?" The only answer which can be given to this question is, in the opinion of the Oxford Professor, that there is not. And the whole blame he throws on the Lord Chancellor; who, he says, "has poisoned the springs of English justice for ages in matters of faith." Dr. Pusey's language is not at any time the most temperate; but on the necessity of reforming this Court, he only gives expression to the general opinion. The question, however, is not a new one. It will be remembered that a Sub-committee of Convocation was appointed, to consider the reform of that Court, and that it made a report thereon, containing several important suggestions. All, therefore, that seems to be required, is to set some movement on foot with the object of effecting so desirable an end. On one point we may feel assured. Of all measures of Church Reform this is the one which would carry a preponderating majority of the clergy with it. Dr. Pusey proposes that Churchmen should, on the principle of the Anti-Corn Law League, band themselves together for the protection of the faith, and exact pledges from every candidate for Parliament to do what in him lies to reform this Court of Appeal. To a measure of this kind we can, on principle, see no objection; but would it work well in practice? Possibly, the public discussion, which would be provoked by such an organization, might make a wholesome impression on Parliament. But we entertain strong doubts if

Dr. Pusey gives sound advice when, like Dr. Gray of Capetown, he whispers threats of secession, a schism, and the possible creation of an Independent Free Church out of the body of the Church of England, thus rent in twain. More questionable still is his suggestion that "no church should be offered for consecration, and no sums given for the building of churches, until this heresy-legalizing court shall be modified." We are convinced that far more effective than such extreme measures would be temperate counsels, and a prudent action of the heads of the Church through the channels which are ordinarily open to them, for the purpose of effecting reforms of the kind. The question deserves serious consideration, and will no doubt command a large share of attention at the next sitting of Parliament.

BISHOP COLENSO'S INSPIRATION.

DR. COLENSO strongly protests, in a letter to the *Guardian*, against being placed in the category of deniers of the inspiration of Scripture. This may be *lucus a non lucendo*; but let us hear the Bishop, although we retain a faint remembrance of a kind of inspiration which, according to his teaching, the Christian and the Selek Gooroo share in common alike. How, then, is the Bible inspired, according to the Bishop, or ex-bishop, of Natal's notions? He declares that he fully believes it to be inspired "by the special working of God's Spirit on the minds of its writers." So does the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so does the Bishop of Oxford. But what about the *degree* of the inspiration, Dr. Colenso? The Doctor replies: "I do not believe it is so inspired that every statement in it is *infallibly* true. I do not believe, as the Bishop of Capetown does, that the whole Bible—every line and letter of Chronicles, Esther, the Book of Job—is the unerring Word of God." Even this is not sufficient: it is not yet to the point. We desire to know what is the Bishop's opinion as to the *proportion* of the inspired to the uninspired portions of Scripture. Can it be that he is drawing close under the shelter of the Judicial Committee, and learning off by heart the leading article of the new creed:—"I believe that the Bible *contains* the word of God"? &c. How much, then, does it contain? We fear very much, after having dipped rather deeply into "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined," and having some experience of the Bishop's leanings on the question of miracles, that the proportion of the inspired to the uninspired is about that of a mole-hill to a mountain.

THE HELLENIC ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THE National Church of the regenerated Greece of George I. is scarcely a subject which will possess much interest for the ordinary Englishman. From Bishop Trower of Gibraltar, and those who with him dream of a union of the Churches of Christendom in their days, which may be barely possible two hundred years hence, it will, of course, command an earnest attention. To ordinary Churchmen, however, it is a satisfaction to know that this new Establishment, in which they cannot but take some little interest, in consequence of the connection between the Royal families of the two countries, is about to start on its new life, based on the two invaluable principles of liberty and independence. At a meeting of the Deputies of the Hellenic National Assembly, which from the 10th of August sat in deliberation for eight days on the national religion, the following articles of Constitution were agreed to:—

"1. The orthodox Eastern Church of Christ is the established religion in Greece. Every religion is tolerated and may be freely exercised under the protection of the law. Proselytism, and all interference with the established religion, is prohibited.

"2. The orthodox Church of Greece, acknowledging as its head Our Lord Jesus Christ, is in doctrine indissolubly united to the great Church of Constantinople, and to every other orthodox Church of Christ, observing with the same exactitude the apostolic and synodic canons and the holy traditions. But it is independent of every other Church, and exercises all sovereign rights under the government of a holy synod."

Of the clause which secures to the Hellenic Church an independence of the Patriarchate of Constantinople few will hesitate to approve. It seems, however, that it was not carried without some opposition. The Deputies from the Ionian Islands proposed that their Church should be placed under the domination of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The suggestion was, however, rejected by the great majority of the Grecian clergy and laity present, on the ground that it was unbecoming that their Church should be ruled by a patriarch appointed by the head of the Mohammedan religion. With one point in this charter, we fear, Missionary societies will not be satisfied. The prohibition of proselytism reminds one of the late missionary proceedings in Constantinople, and of the measures since adopted to prevent their repetition.

THE LATEST APPARITION OF THE MADONNA.—Romish miracles continue to multiply; the following is the latest:—A farmer of the district of Piancastagnaio, near Florence, having openly declared that the cure of his arm from long-standing disease was attributable to the miraculous influence of the Madonna, who, he asserted, had appeared to him bodily on the window-panes of his own abode, the rumour of this "miracle" attracted crowds of devout worshippers to the spot. There, facing the small dwelling, with foreheads bared to the sun, the prostrate pilgrims did not fail to see the vision of the Madonna, angels, saints, and even the Almighty

himself. The police thought to dispel attention by removing the panes from the windows, and substituting instead a couple of deal boards. But the visionaries saw the same sights and described the same personages even after the planks had been put up. The crowds keep still pouring in from all quarters.

A JEW ACTING THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—The Landgrave von Fürstenberg, the Archbishop of Olmütz, having dismissed from his service 120 miners who had seceded from the Roman Catholic Church and embraced the Protestant faith, they are now working in the mines of Baron Anselm Rothschild, who possesses very extensive ironworks at Wittkowitz, in Moravia.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND THE PROTESTANTS.—Not long since some Protestant ladies applied to the Empress Eugenie for a donation in aid of a Protestant Orphan Society. A few days later they received a letter in which the Empress said that she fully sympathised in their work, and entered into their views; and to prove that she did so she sent them for a lottery two magnificent porcelain vases, worth 600 f. each.

PRIZE ESSAY ON THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—The Educational Society of Lyons offers a gold medal, worth 400 f., for the best essay (in whatever language written) which shall effectively describe the "grave inconveniences" which result from want of respect in children and young people for their parents, and which shall point to the cause and suggest a successful remedy.

WHY GARIBALDI VISITED ENGLAND.—The *Weekly Register* has been edifying its readers during the past week on the subject of Freemasonry. The object of this society, in its opinion, is solely religious—a warfare against the Church. Its organization, its proceedings, its degrees, its signs, all aim at one end—the destruction of the Catholic religion and Catholic Church. When the devil was able to say, "Now England is mine," he made a sign to the Freemasons, and they sallied forth from England into other countries to carry disturbance into the Church, in obedience to the commands of "the Grand Orient." On the basis of this theory of Freemasonry our cotemporary builds another, adopting it from the Roman organ, *Civiltà Cattolica*, as to Garibaldi's motives for visiting England. Garibaldi's journey was a masonic expedition. The Caprera hermit went to London to be chosen there as the head of Italian Freemasonry. Thus we are to account for the crowds of men of every rank—princes, ministers, nobles, plebeians—who did him homage. Freemasons all blindly obey their hierarchical superiors, including the highest of all, who is himself subordinate to the devil; and so the people of England turned out to receive Garibaldi, so Garibaldi was ordered to London, was then ordered to be ill, and finally was ordered to go back to his island—and so in all things he blindly and passively obeyed.

EVANGELIZATION IN TUSCANY.—The latest accounts of the progress of Evangelical opinions in the Tuscan provinces are most encouraging. A numerous and highly respectable class, chiefly tradespeople, throughout these provinces, hold meetings for the performance of Divine service. They attend at the communion; and the rites of matrimony and baptism are administered to them by their own clergy, according to the simplest tenets of the Evangelical Church. The Bible is read and expounded by one of their own ministers. A few simple prayers and hymns are said or sung. The congregations are composed of steady, respectable, well-to-do people, whose character in every respect does honour to the pure faith of Christ. Acts of violence by the Catholic party, which some time ago were frequent in Pisa and Leghorn, have latterly been few and far between. An attempt made lately to excite the people against "the new sect" by a priest was a complete failure. This "reverendo," having observed a Bible for sale in the street on a public stall, exclaimed aloud, "These are all pestiferous and hellish books," but received as encouragement on his first essay only silence, but on the second a hearty hissing.

DR. LIVINGSTON IN IONA.—On Tuesday week last this celebrated traveller and missionary paid a visit to the island of Iona. He was on his way to spend a short time with the Duke of Argyll, at Benmore Lodge, in Mull; but, while on the shore, expressed a desire to see "Ulva's Isle," his predecessor's native place. The news of his visit soon spread, crowds assembled, and banners were immediately displayed in his honour. The Doctor, on his part, conversed freely and pleasantly with the people, who had come out to have a "look at him," and to cheer him on his way. Many present were reminded of the words, "What went ye out for to see?"

HUMANITY OF THE FIJI ISLANDERS.—The natives of the Fiji Islands, who were the terror of the shipwrecked up to a late period, owing to their reputation for cannibal propensities, have lately done an act of humanity which testifies in a marked manner the great change which has been wrought in them by the introduction of Christianity. On the 17th of March a punt-load of eighteen persons, the survivors of the crew of the wrecked ship, *All Serene*, were drifted ashore upon Kandava, the southernmost of these isles, expecting to be devoured. The natives, however, contrary to their expectations, received them with kindness, assisted and carried them to their houses, and washed and dressed their wounds. A few days after they were delivered over to the charge of two clergymen of the Wesleyan mission of Kandava.

STATISTICS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.—The *Church Review* gives the following interesting statistics relative to the Greek Church in Russia. There are 477 convents of men, numbering 5,648 monks, and 4,879 novices; and 137 convents of women, numbering 2,931 nuns, and 7,669 novices. They are generally poor, but enjoy a high character for piety and benevolence. There are 50,165 consecrated buildings for worship, and others are being built. The inauguration of the church at Paris, which is so much admired, is hailed as a sign of increasing vitality. There are 87 bishops, 37,950 priests, 12,444 deacons, and 63,421 other clerics. With the addition of the ecclesiastics *en retraite*, the number of secular clergy amounts to 126,164. The temporal condition of the country clergy, though far from what it should be, is improving. The orthodox population, omitting those

in the army and navy, is 52,034,650; of those 37,612,978 communicated at Easter *en bons Chrétiens*. The religious condition of the people generally is very hopeful, and a large number of new schools have been founded.

FINE ARTS.

REALISTIC SCULPTURE.

THERE is nothing more puzzling to account for than the inferiority of modern sculpture. Unlike the sister art of painting, it has not only made no advances since the time of Cellini, but positively receded till now, after all the encouragement of modern taste and culture, which must be infinitely beyond anything offered in the time of the Renaissance, and equal to that which the best classes of the Greeks and Romans afforded, or which the demand for public works then fostered; the sculptors rarely get beyond the most ordinary commonplace, and generally content themselves with every possible use of all that is conventional. We may appeal to every work in the style of a public monument of any of the great or popular men of the age, in any country, to show this. In Germany the idea is to make every statue important by its gigantic proportions, as though grandeur had anything to do with size. In France the ideal of a public monumental statue is a military strut, with an awful frown; or if the subject is poetic, the model is chosen from those peculiar types of form and expression to be studied in the mixed circles of the *demi-monde* and the *ballet*. In Italy the falling off is more remarkable, and still more unaccountable, because here the sculptor has the finest examples before him, and here it is the fashion for all sculptors to assemble in quest of fine models, and in hope of inspiration (we say nothing of the cheap and clever carvers to be hired so easily); yet little comes from Italy, if we except Gibson's "Hunter," and the recent more hopeful works by Mr. Story, the American sculptor,—the "Cleopatra" and the "Sybil." Italian sculpture now is all of the picturesque order, and well represented by the collection of Signor Magni, which has been brought over here for exhibition. To make this brief survey complete as to English sculpture, it would only be necessary to point out the deserted condition of the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy, and to the furnishing of the Horticultural Gardens with statues, which might be described as strictly horticultural, as a refuge for our sculptors.

While this want of genuine feeling for the sculptor's art prevails, we find the almost universal tendency amongst those who consider themselves in advance of their fellows is towards close imitation of form—a precisely corresponding disposition to that which has for the last twenty years haunted the younger painters, and led them to spend months of study and hard labour of the hand over such a thing as the texture of a silk stocking or the fluffiness of a carpet. We see our leading sculptors intent upon imitating the hair, and even colouring it, to come more close to the look of life. M. Cordier, a French sculptor, the only truly original realistic sculptor, goes in at once for a sort of imitation, by minute carving and colour ink, loose ornaments, such as earrings, necklaces, and bracelets; which, clever as it is, can scarcely be considered within the same category as the art of sculpture. Still, it is a question whether works of this kind, some of which may be remembered in the International Exhibition, the most striking being Chinese and Negro figures in bronze, with Algerian onyx for the draperies, are not really more meritorious than many of the feeble translations of modern carvers in marble. Signor Raphael Monti was one of the first to set the bad example of a manner which might be called the illusive style, in his veiled figure, which created a sensation amongst the million in the Exhibition of 1851, and made the sculptor a name; and this for a work which we venture to say he himself would be the first to laugh at as a clever bagatelle, and not as a *chef-d'œuvre* of his art. Crowds went to see this figure, and came away convinced that they had seen the fleshly form under the marble. Exactly in the same way we saw crowds of the same close observers of nature peering into the face of the "Reading Girl," to see if she really was sighing over the fate of Italy, as she read the lines carved upon her marble book. Signor Pietro Magni, like Signor Monti, made a hit upon the curiosity-loving English public, and they are both sculptors of the same school of Milan, though this means a very different thing from the school of Milan under Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea Verocchio, the great sculptor-painter. Signor Magni now exhibits at his studio a large number of his works, and amongst them stands prominently a *replica* of "The Reading Girl." In all of these there is observable the excess of the mere carver's skill over the sculptor's art. We are shown a figure actually swinging in a wreath of exquisitely carved flowers, suspended from trees growing in the luxuriance of a tropical climate. A lady dresses herself in the daintiest fabrics of lace and gossamer silks for a mask-ball. A young girl embroidering and other figures illustrate the same feeling. The only work that at all indicates a higher conception, less overlaid with technical detail, is a statue of a beautiful girl chained to a rock and looking around in terror. This figure represents Angelica in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso"; it is not quite in the realistic manner of the "Reading Girl," but still too closely like reality that it is impossible not to feel that the sculptor has failed to remove his ideal sufficiently from existing Angelicas. A Greek sculptor would have made his figure like nature, but yet unlike common nature. Signor Magni and his school think it best to be exactly like everything, even to the pores of the skin and the wrinkles on

the knuckles. While admiring the skill in carving, we cannot but regret the influence which works like the "Reading Girl," and those of Signor Magni in general, exercise upon the public and upon the sculptors of the English school. We see what it develops into in that curious example of Signor Monti's in the International Exhibition, where a figure of a Turkish lady in all her silken finery and jewelled ornaments, seated on a soft carpet, was to be seen in a closed case, with a coloured glass window to throw a tone of colour over the mantle and suggest life to the wondering spectator—a sort of peepshow, in fact, of sculpture; and this will be the outcome of all work of this feeling. It is deficient in thought as much as it is redundant in trickery of the hand and technical display; and the effect both upon the artist and the public mind is to dissipate and enervate, and to lead from the pursuit of beauty of a higher and nobler kind.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT PERTH.

For this old Highland city, ancient capital of Scottish royalty, the most memorable among the many on which she founds her regal titles, with something like a primary right to the warmest royal enthusiasm, the production of a worthily characteristic monument to his late Royal Highness, its due erection, and fit display, were there early determined upon; and in the hands of the rising Scottish artist to whom the commission was entrusted, on the strength of no ordinary success in his works of portrait sculpture, the trust was secure. Mr. Brodie had been personally favoured, through Prince Alfred's interest in the task undertaken by him, with the use of original portraits and a cast taken from the features. By the help of these the sculptor was enabled to complete a statue, admirable in the likeness and impressive in form.

A site, too, more appropriate to the monument than that chosen for it would have been impossible to fix; where, close to the converging main streets, hard by the ten-arched bridge across the broad Tay, with the wooded top of Kinnoul Hill seen beyond, runs inward a corner of the wide North Inch, away on the far green distance of which appears to rest the base of the blue Grampians.

The scene gave rise to thoughts of antique Bertha of the Picts, who founded the old burgh—of the Romans, who had a station here, called it "Victoria," hailed that North Inch as the Campus Martius, and likened the clear rapid Tay to the muddy yellow Tiber—of the times, also, when it became St. Johnstoun, where the Clan Chattan fought the Clan Quhele before King Robert's "Gilded Arebour," and James, his son, was murdered by conspiring nobles, and the Scottish Solomon darkly exposed the Gowrie Plot. For these things took place within a stone's-throw of either hand, and where the statue to Albert stands, there fought the clans. Where the great gallery rises, densely filled with the contributors to this memorial, the aristocracy and beauty of Perth—once rose the tented lists and stages overlooking that bloody field. And strangely like the traditions of that gilded harbour which stood near the same spot—though doubtless by a chance resemblance—there had risen a Royal Pavilion for Queen Victoria, worthy of elfin hands, doing credit to the taste of the good burgh; Italian garden architecture, florally groined, arched, and pilastered, with pendent floral imperial crown; carpeted and hung with scarlet and with green.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE temporary engagement of Mrs. Stirling at the Adelphi, during the closing of the St. James's, has caused as many changes in the bill as are generally seen at a country theatre. The comedy of "Masks and Faces," which is almost painfully sparkling, has kept its place as the chief piece for more than a fortnight, but during this period several light "playing in and playing out" farces have been produced—the latest being a French comedietta called "A Woman of Business." This new adaptation, which is somewhat long for one act, is by Mr. Benjamin Webster, junior, and is more French than the French. The "woman of business" is a person of the Emily Faithfull order, who manages her husband's large and complicated wine trade with the utmost skill and coolness, has familiar interviews with interesting young clerks, clears wine at the docks, takes stock, answers letters, arranges papers, purchases estates, and turns all the other characters of the piece completely round her finger. Where, in the original, she deals with a few francs, in the English version her money operations extend to thousands of pounds sterling. Her husband, in a moment of drunkenness, gains courage to assert his authority, but while his wife appears to yield to his stupid humour, she still holds the reins, and saves him from the schemes of a selfish lout of a cousin, a mercantile swindler, and a gay, young seducer. The piece has the fault, common to most short dramas, of producing changes of character somewhat too rapidly; and it has the constructive fault of depending much upon a character who is not seen. In other respects it is a fair average comedietta, written and adapted by men who evidently know what is safe. No piece can fail in which the low comedian gets drunk, and here his drunkenness is aided and abetted by that of the light comedian.

The two principal parts—the managing woman and the country lout—are played by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Toole. Mrs. Stirling was charming and perfect, acting with all the refinement and finish of the highest comedy. The part is somewhat slight, but

she made the most of it. The country lout is not the usual stage countryman; his geniality is only affected, and at the bottom he is a thoroughly selfish, scheming dolt, with just sufficient sense to know his own interests. Mr. Toole was very artistic in this character, but what he did was more the result of impulse than study. His dialect was uncertain, but he had grasped the meaning of the character, and in one or two scenes he showed the genuine actor as distinguished from the ordinary, gagging stage buffoon. His make-up appeared to have been hastily decided upon, and was far from satisfactory. The other characters were well sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Mr. Stephenson, and Mr. Montague. As the piece was played from seven o'clock until half-past eight—one half of it being performed to audiences who were taking their seats, nodding to acquaintances, and securing playbills, its reception was somewhat cold; but if we except the fact that, like most dramas, it is a picture of nothing like English life, it is far superior to anything of its kind that has been produced for some time at the Adelphi.

While theatrical managers weakly shut up their houses rather than face the dull season, music-hall proprietors are more daring, and one of them, Mr. Weston, has even discovered a means of filling his building, and raising the enthusiasm of his audience to the highest pitch. The sporting tradesmen, prize-fighters, and publicans who form so large a proportion of the visitors at Weston's Music Hall were just the people to be aroused by a "great singing match," and the leading comic singer of the establishment, who likes to be known as the "funny little man," was, therefore, pushed on to issue the following challenge:—

"A CHALLENGE FOR £50.

"Mr. J. Taylor, 'The Funny Little Man' (now engaged at Weston's), challenges all comic singers in the United Kingdom to sing six songs, each competitor to sing the same or his own songs, and the judges (to be selected from our best comedians), to decide as to which is the most original, truest to nature, and the most comical."

This challenge, issuing from a place of entertainment so near Drury Lane, was at once taken up by another comic singer at the Middlesex Music Hall, who published the following reply:—

"In answer to Mr. J. Taylor's challenge, I, John Blanchard, will sing six comic songs against him for £50 a-side, and will be at the Middlesex Music Hall on Wednesday next, July 20th, to draw up an agreement to that effect, at twelve o'clock noon."

That everything might be in proper sporting form, the following articles of agreement were drawn up:—

"Articles of Agreement.

"London, July 20, 1864.

"We James Taylor and John Blanchard agree to sing six songs each, for the sum of £50 a-side.

"Each party to sing what songs he may think proper—either in or out of character, and the songs to be sang alternately.

"Each party to name two judges, and agree upon a third person, who shall be referee, and his decision to be final.

"The competition to take place on Wednesday, August 24th, 1864, at Weston's Music Hall.

"The judges and referee to decide which competitor is the most original, the most truthful to nature, and the most comical.

"We hereby deposit £10 each, and the entire sum of £50 a-side to be in the hands of the stakeholder seven days previous to the 17th of August, 1864. Either party failing, to forfeit the money down. The Editor of the *Era* to be stakeholder.

(Signed)

"JAS. TAYLOR.

"JOHN BLANCHARD.

"Witnesses—

"G. H. George.

"Geo. Ware.

"N.B.—It is particularly requested that the audience on this occasion will not applaud or show their disapprobation on either side, but leave it entirely to the judges."

At the time and place appointed the two singing champions appeared, confident in all the tricks of "mugging," wearing hats stuck on the side of the head, and pulling down the hair over the face, which distinguish the comic-singer. The hall was crowded in every part at double the usual prices of admission, the utmost quantity of drink of all kinds was consumed, the bets ran high, on pretty equal terms, upon both singers, and the audience, disobeying the injunctions of the chairman, were uproarious in their applause. Mr. Taylor started first with a "patter song," called "The Seven Ages of Man;" Mr. Blanchard followed with an English version of "Largo al Factotum;" and then each competitor represented in turn an old woman, a love-sick youth, an idiot, a costermonger, a Greenwich pensioner, a chilly man, a jolly man, a traveller by a Calais boat, and Macbeth travestie. Each singer—to use a sporting phrase—"came up smiling," perhaps a little too smiling; but although a few good points were made by each, and Mr. Taylor showed some little capacity as an actor, their art belonged to a very low level. The songs were old—deficient, as usual, in humour and observation of life—and the style of singing was of the very ancient grimacing kind, clowning without the paint. In originality and real quiet fun both singers were far inferior to Mr. Mackney, Mr. Unsworth, and Mr. J. G. Forde, though probably they suit their market even better than those gentlemen. The judges—Messrs. E. L. Blanchard, Ledger, Nelson Lee, C. J. Collins, Elliott, and Nimmo, awarded the prize to Mr. Taylor, who was evidently the favourite in the betting. The decision, being a matter of taste and not a matter of fact, of course proves nothing, except that a "singing contest" is as popular with a certain class as an Eisteddfod in Wales.

ROSSINI.—The *Menestrel* publishes the following official letter by which M. Peruzzi, the Italian Minister of the Interior, announced to M. Rossini his nomination to the dignity of Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus:—"Illustrious Signore, the fête by which Pesaro celebrated your name has been able to be, for the first time under the reign of Victor Emmanuel, a national solemnity, because, the barriers which kept them divided being destroyed, the populations of all parts of Italy hastened to take part in it, fraternizing not only in spirit and in intention, but by their presence, in the worship of a sublime genius. The King, who makes himself the interpreter of every noble aspiration of Italy, has wished under that happy circumstance to decorate you with the Grand Cordon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, intending not only to render honour to the man whom all Europe admires, but also to pay a national debt, and thus make known the love and admiration of Italy for her great citizen. In acquitting myself of the pleasing mission of announcing to you this decision of the Sovereign, and in sending the insignia of the decoration conferred on you, I esteem myself happy in expressing to you the sentiments of admiration and of *riverenza*, with which I have the honour to sign myself your very devoted WALDINO PERUZZI." At Bologna, to do honour to Rossini, the municipality has changed the name of the Piazza San Giacomo into that of Piazza Rossini, and over the gate of the Musical College has been placed a marble slab, bearing the following inscription:—"Into this place entered as pupil, and from hence left as prince of the musical science, Gioacchino Rossini; and Bologna, in eternal testimony of honour for its adoptive son, has given his name to this square, and placed this stone on the 21st August, 1864."

A SINGULAR discovery of a work of art has just been made at Lucerne. In stripping the old woodwork from an apartment in the house known as the Corrazioni d'Orelli, a ceiling richly sculptured was brought to light, with fresco paintings representing the Annunciation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, a St. John the Baptist, St. Roch, a bishop turning a spit on which his bowels are entwined, and another consecrating a chalice on which may be distinguished a spider. These paintings bear the date of 1523, and as Hans Holbein decorated other houses in Lucerne about that period, many artists are of opinion that these paintings may be attributed to him.

A FRENCH sculptor, M. Lebouf, has just completed the bust of Victor Hugo. The Minister of the Interior has decided that it may be sold without perilling the safety of the State, "provided it be not exposed in any position where the public might see it from the outside of the shop." Photographs of Victor Hugo may be seen in every window, but it seems that his features in plaster would be dangerous.

It is said that we shall soon have a niece of Garibaldi at the Crystal Palace. She is a professional singer of some merit.

MARIO is going to sing English at the English Opera, Covent Garden, when it next opens.

CARLO PATTI, brother of Adelina, and late aide-de-camp to General Beauregard, has come to Europe for the purpose of studying music. He is twenty-two years of age, and after fighting in eleven battles, was taken prisoner and liberated on parole.

THE ART JOURNAL for September presents its subscribers with three steel plates—"The Foundling," by P. Lightfoot, after G. B. O'Neill; "Heidelberg," by T. A. Prior, after Turner; and "A Spanish Girl," by A. Blanchard, after Murillo. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt's "Wedgwood and Etruria," and Mr. Thomas Wright's "History of Caricature and Grotesque in Art"—both richly illustrated—are continued. The woodcuts from "British Artists" are this month taken from the works of Miss Osborn; and some striking "Illustrations from the Arabian Nights" add to the attractions of this usually very attractive Miscellany. Amongst the literary papers is one by Professor Ansted, on "Cyclopean Structures in Sardinia and Italy," illustrated by views, very interesting from an archaeological point of view; and some other papers, of value to the artist and the art lover, appear in addition to those we have enumerated.

THE ART STUDENT contains papers on "Gothic Architecture," on "The True Object and Purpose of Landscape Painting," on "Photography," and on "Artistic Anatomy,"—besides the usual amount of art news and gossip.

SCIENCE.

MM. DAMOUR and Deville have given a new analysis of *parisite*, a mineral which is composed of carbonates and fluorides of cerium, didymium, lantharium, and lime. Its density is 4.358, and it has a hardness intermediate between that of apatite and fluorine. It is infusible in the lamp-flame, but certain specimens, when heated in a test-tube, crumble down, and are resolved into a multitude of exceedingly fine scales. The form under which it usually presents itself is that of the regular hexagonal prism, and its colour is a yellowish brown. Cold acetic acid does not attack it, but cold nitric acid dissolves it slowly, leaving a white residue composed of small scales of fluoride of calcium and of cerium. Hydrochloric acid affects it similarly, and when it is placed in sulphuric acid it is decomposed with the evolution of vapour which attacks the glass vessel in which the operation is carried on.

At a late meeting of the French Academy, M. Gratiolet, a *savant* who ranks among the first anatomists in France, read a paper on the structure of the hand of the so-called man-like apes, compared with that of the human hand. This paper has just appeared in the *Comptes Rendus*, and is of so much importance, as bearing upon the subject of man's kindred, that we translate it in full:—

"I have availed myself of the opportunity, so kindly afforded me by M. Aubry-Lecompte, of dissecting a large chimpanzee from equatorial Africa, which differs in certain characters from *Troglodytes niger*. These distinctions consist in (1) a more purely animal expres-

sion of countenance; (2) more massive form; (3) a wrinkled upper lip instead of a regularly grooved one; (4) a perfectly black face; and (5) especially in a well-marked projection from the posterior part of the last lower molar. This animal, therefore, is evidently a new species, and, in indicating my recognition of it, I propose to call it *Troglodytes Aubryi*.

"In the note which I have the honour to submit to the consideration of the Academy to-day, I have not dealt with the results of all my investigations of the structure of the ape: they will be published in a work which, with the assistance of Dr. Alix, I am preparing for the press. But I thought it would be useful to put together those observations which I have made in reference to the anatomy of the hands of these quadrumana. These results of my inquiries reveal the most marked and typical differences between man and the highest apes. In the latter the thumb is moved towards the palm by an oblique division of the tendon of the common flexor muscle of the other fingers: hence it is drawn in all movements of flexion of the fingers, and has no intrinsic power of motion. The same type of structure is observed in the gorilla and chimpanzee; but the small tendon which should move the thumb is reduced in these species to a mere tendinous thread which has no action, for at its origin it loses itself in the synovial folds of the flexor tendons of the other digits, and it does not terminate in a muscular fasciculus; the thumb, then, has its typical power very much diminished in these animals. In none of them is there the faintest trace of that powerful and independent muscle which moves the human thumb. And so far from being of a complete form, this phalanx (which is so characteristic of the hand of man) appears in the highest of these apes—the Orangs—to have a tendency to atrophy. These quadrumana, therefore, present no features in the organization of their hand indicative of a passage toward the human species, and I especially dwell upon this—that a study of the movements of the hands reveals profound differences between the two orders.

"These results are confirmed by a careful study of the muscles of the arm and shoulder of these pseudo man-like apes. Moreover, it is in that species which most resembles man—the Indian Orang—that the hand and foot present the most striking degradations. This paradox, this absence of parallelism between man and the great apes as regards the development of such correlative organs as the hand and brain, shows in the most incontrovertible manner that the former was intended for special conditions and a special destiny. All that relates to form in the ape is, for a peculiar reason, adapted to the material world; on the contrary, man's form points to a superior adaptation to the ends of intelligence. It is the expression of these which indicates that beauty which is without comparison in nature, and of which we may assert without exaggeration that in it the animal type undergoes transfiguration.

"The facts upon which I have dwelt permit me to affirm (with a conviction based upon a personal and careful study) that anatomy gives no foundation for the theory so strongly advocated now-a-days of man's close relationship to the apes. It is in vain that they bring forward a few ancient but evidently monstrous crania, such as those of Neanderthal. Similar forms are still found here and there—they belong to idiots. One of these was procured some years since by Dr. Binder. At the desire of M. Jean Macé, M. Binder was good enough to give me the specimen, but I did not consider that so valuable a cranium should remain in my hands, so it now belongs to the collection in the Museum. It may henceforth rank among the elements of the great discussion upon man's nature, a discussion which engages the attention of philosophers and theologians, but from the midst of which the divine majesty of man will one day rise hallowed by the contest, and for ever after inviolable and triumphant."

It is stated that *Penicillium glaucum* produces psoriasis, and that *Oidium Tuckeri* gives rise to phlegmonous inflammation, but such statements must now be received with considerable doubt. MM. Leplat and Jaillard injected the spores of both these fungi into the veins of dogs, and yet were unable to produce either of the diseases referred to.

M. Secchi continues his spectroscopic observations upon the atmosphere of the planet Jupiter. He now asserts that it possesses many peculiarities, and, among others, a much stronger absorbing power than that of the earth.

A new and exceedingly cheap dissecting microscope for the use of amateurs, has been constructed by Mr. Samuel Highley, of Green-street, Leicester-square. It is in part a modification of Quekett's instrument; but the lenses are elevated and depressed by a lever instead of the rack and pinion employed in the more elaborate forms. It packs into so small a compass that it may be carried in a pocket of medium size, and is sold at so low a price (12s. 6d.) that it is within reach of all interested in microscopic science.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

EL DORADO INVESTMENTS.

It is anything but easy for those whose incomes are derived from the funds and similar investments, and are therefore, whatever their amount, comparatively limited, to view with indifference the splendid results attained by the speculations which have recently appeared in the financial world. But the gulf between the workers on the old and new method of invest-

ment is daily widening, and, so far as we can see, there is no immediate prospect of the views of the two schools being brought into even the appearance of harmony. Yet one would think it requires but little judgment and knowledge of the world to estimate aright the hazard and advantage of some of the most recent investments. The path to sudden wealth and independence is one that has already been well worn, and there are signs for all who will be warned by them of disappointed hopes and broken fortunes. Yet generation after generation is to be ensnared by the same gilded bait and converted only by its own bitter experience. We are now, however, told that there is no longer any occasion for the exercise of judgment and forethought in the investment of our money. We have but to intrust it to the directors of the *Crédit Mobilier* and of the *Crédit Foncier* and our silver will instantly be turned into gold and our gold into precious stones. There is no mistake about it. What has once been done can be done again; and that these marvellous results have been attained, is said to be sufficiently attested by the published accounts and reports of these celebrated companies. But how was it done? Can anyone explain this satisfactorily? Perhaps the auditors can. We should certainly very much like to have their explanation, and our readers will, no doubt, share our curiosity.

The information contained in the imposing statement and accounts put out by the directors is very perplexing and in one way suggestive. But we should be surprised if the shareholders extracted much information from them. Strange to say, there is no account of the receipts and expenditure for the half year, which we should have thought would have been considered an important feature in so marvellous a story of success. We have, therefore, no means of knowing, except from rumour, whence the profits have been derived, or what complexion the items would wear if fairly printed on paper, or whether it be true, as we hear it stated, that as part of the expenditure the pay of an individual director has been at the rate of £1,400 or £1,500 per annum. We know merely, at least so the reports tell us, that a profit of nearly £200 per cent. has been earned by each Company, after paying off £20,000 for preliminary expenses, on a paid-up capital of only £100,000.

The moral effect, however, of such statements on the minds of hardworking, striving young men, who work faithfully from year's end to year's end for a moderate but fairly-earned salary, and put their savings in Government, Stock, or Indian railways, or some other old-fashioned but well-understood investment, is most prejudicial. If it can be fairly shown that upon £100,000 paid up, £170,000 a year can be honestly earned by simply trading in money, all we can say is there is an end to all preconceived business notions. Now, to test the practical effect of this state of things as likely to bear on the general public, let us suppose two men in the same station in life, living in the same neighbourhood, having each £5,000 for investment. One chooses the Funds and one "the *Crédit Mobilier* or *Crédit Foncier*," so that the one must be content with an income of about £150 per annum, while the other will receive £2,000 a year, besides accumulating in the hands of the company £2,000 per annum as a reserve fund. It needs no prophet to tell us that, if there be a semblance of truth in these figures, we shall have the people rushing into speculation and creating new credit companies for every imaginable purpose. Everyone is prepared to know that trading companies should pay the usual trade profits, or something more, because everyone is well aware that such a rate of interest is requisite upon an average to cover the risk the trading involves; and trading companies that pay their £10 or £20 per cent. attract no great notice. It is enough, and only enough, to cover the acknowledged risks of trade, and accumulate a dividend and reserve fund. In mining and similar operations, again, we expect large returns to cover the risk of total loss, which so often attends this description of trading. But where a company that deals in money, and that with but a very limited capital, professes to have fairly earned £200 per cent., the public has a right to a fuller and better explanation than the directors have condescended to give. Practically, we have no information whatever beyond figures that tell an astounding story. But it is proposed to take advantage of the favourable impression these results are expected to produce on the outside public, and to form these commercial Siamese twins into one grand money-making adult, whose title and plan are thus set forth:—

"The *Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England, Limited*," with a capital of £2,000,000 in 100,000 shares of £20 each, which will be allotted, as follows:—

10,000 shares will be issued to the shareholders of this Company at par, in exchange for the like number of shares now held by them.

30,000 shares will be allotted (at their option) to the shareholders of this Company (being at the rate of three new shares for each share in this Company) which will be issued as follows, viz.—two of such shares at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share, and for every two shares so taken one additional share at par.

10,000 shares will be issued to the shareholders of the *Crédit Mobilier, Limited*, at par, in exchange for the like number of shares in that Company now held by them.

30,000 shares will be allotted (at their option) to the shareholders of the *Crédit Mobilier, Limited* (being at the rate of three new shares for each old share), which will be issued as follows, viz.—two of such shares at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share, and for every two shares so taken one additional share at par. The remaining

20,000 shares will be issued to the public at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per share.

100,000

The total premiums on the above-mentioned shares will amount to £160,000, which, with the sum of £40,000, the amount of the reserve fund of this Company (and of the *Crédit Mobilier, Limited*), will be carried to the reserve fund of the new company, which will then amount to £200,000.

This is ingenious, no doubt, and may tell in the provinces, but on the Stock Exchange the effect of the immediate announcement was a *fall* in the shares instead of the expected premiums and consequent demand.

Before the public act in this matter they ought to know whether the *Crédit Foncier* hold any and how many shares in the *Crédit Mobilier*; and whether, in like manner, the *Crédit Mobilier* hold any and how many shares in the *Crédit Foncier*; whence the alleged profit has been derived, and whether the bulk of it was made by the manipulation of the shares of the City Offices Company, which are now at a discount, and by subsequent transactions in connection with that company. This much at least seems to be beyond doubt all doubt. These financial twins have grown up together—there is a suspicious similarity about them; each has a paid-up capital of £50,000; each has an available balance of profit on the half year slightly exceeding £42,000; each has about the same amount of money on deposit account; each owes about the same amount, and each has about the same sum due from debtors. The directors are the same; the officers are all the same, except the secretary; in fact, the two are already one. Each pays a dividend of £2 per share on £5 paid, and each carries the same sum to reserve fund. But if these companies can operate so successfully apart, why unite them?

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 2½ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.27½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is nearly 2-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris. By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.5½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is therefore 2-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg. According to the telegrams from Mr. Reuter the rates of exchange on India and China were rather less favourable. At Bombay on the 9th of August the exchange on London was 2s. 1½d.; at Calcutta on the 8th of August the rate was 2s. 1½d.; and at Shanghai on the 20th of July the rate was 7s. 2½d.

The discount demand at the Bank continues exceedingly moderate. In the open market, among the bankers and brokers, the supply of capital is plentiful, but the rates for the best short paper are maintained at 7½ to 8 per cent. The quantity of bills offered for negotiation has considerably diminished, the late aspect of financial affairs having in a sensible degree checked the total of our trade engagements. Several of the joint-stock banks are working at 7½, but one or two still enforce terms equal to 7½ per cent. A little more country money is making its appearance in the London market, and it is very readily taken up.

In Colonial Government securities Canada Five per Cents. fetched 84½; Cape of Good Hope Six per Cents. (April and Oct. 1890-1), 108½; New South Wales Five per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1866), 102½; ditto (1888-92), 96; Queensland Six per Cents., 102½; Victoria Six per Cents. (Jan. and July), 102; ditto (April and Oct.), 109½.

Messrs. Pixley & Co. report that silver has risen fully ¼d. per ounce standard since the 18th ult., owing to the continued demand for India and China. It is estimated that not less than £1,000,000 in bar silver has been sold for the outgoing mails, *via* Southampton or Marseilles. The price is 61½d. Mexican dollars are quite nominal at 62d. per ounce.

The official returns of the imports and exports of bullion and specie for the week ending August 24 show that there were imported into the United Kingdom gold valued at £145,921, and silver £270,045; together, £415,966. There were exported gold valued at £110,260, and silver £19,235; together, £129,495. The imports exceed the exports by £284,471.

The steamer *Shannon*, with the mails from the West Indies and Mexico, has brought the unprecedented total of £1,469,000 in specie, of which £1,032,000 is silver, and £437,000 gold. Of the gold at least £200,000, in American eagles, is expected to be sent into Bank during the next few days; the rest will be refined, after which its destination will be determined.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN BANK.—The Committee of the Stock Exchange appointed Thursday, the 1st instant, a special settling day in the shares of the new Anglo-Egyptian Bank. The brokers have thought proper to withdraw for the present their application to be quoted in the official list. They have adopted this step in consideration of the public excitement naturally consequent upon the questionable manner in which the shares have been allotted. It is understood that not more than between six and seven thousand out of the 40,000 shares have been given to the public, the remainder having been allotted to the directors, promoters, and others immediately connected with the formation of the company. We are glad to find the Stock Exchange committee setting their face against a proceeding so evidently objectionable; nor is it enough to be told in defence that the original prospectus set forth that a large portion of the capital had been subscribed for privately. When an undertaking like the Anglo-Egyptian Bank is brought out, it professes to rest upon the public support and to be subscribed for by the public, and the authorities at the Stock Exchange have done well to discourage any departure from a system which has hitherto been found to work well. If checks of this kind are not administered promptly, a way is left open for abuses ending in serious loss, while public confidence in joint-stock enterprise is considerably shaken.

The respective reports of the *Crédit Foncier* Company and of the *Crédit Mobilier* Company, to be presented on the 5th inst., have been issued conjointly. That of the *Crédit Foncier* states that the net profit for the five and three-quarter months since the commencement of operations to have been (after paying off the whole preliminary expense of £10,000) £42,219, or at the rate of 180 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital. Those of the *Crédit Mobilier*, under similar circumstances, are stated at £42,614, or at the rate of 205 per cent. per annum. A fusion of the two companies is to be proposed, with an issue of new shares, at a premium of £2. 13s. 4d. per £20 share, to double the present subscribed capital of two concerns.

THE CHILIAN MINING AND TRADING COMPANY (LIMITED).—This company, with a capital of £340,000, in 17,000 shares of £20 each, have just issued their prospectus. From this it appears the formation is for the purchase and development of the resources of the "Descubridora" and the "San Pedro Copper Mines of Chili." The former has been worked since 1859, while the San Pedro, discovered seven years ago, has been opened to the depth of 100 fathoms.

The Board of Trade returns for July have been issued. The total declared value of our exportation was £14,394,364, being an increase of £745,524, or 5½ per cent. over the corresponding month of last year. Compared with July, 1862, the increase is 18½ per cent. The value of our cotton exportations was 13 per cent. in excess of those of the same month last year, but the quantity was less by about 3 per cent. compared with July, 1862. They show an increased value of 26 per cent. and a diminished quantity of 21 per cent.

The calls which fell due in the week were—on Wednesday, San Paulo, £4 per share, amount not known; and on Friday, Cocker-mouth and Workington Preference A, and ditto new quarters, £1. 5s. per share, £6,000. The only other calls in September are Great Western 4½ per Cent. £10 Preference, £2 per share, £122,756; and North British new Preference, £3. 10s. per share, amount not known. The total amount known for September is £128,756, and for the first nine months of the year, £10,125,474. The traffic returns for the past week exhibit a receipt of £707,168 on 11,250 miles open, against £640,743 on 11,060 miles in the corresponding period of last year, and £624,248 on 10,740 miles open in 1862. This shows an increase of £66,425 over the corresponding week of 1863, and of £82,920 over 1862. The receipts per mile per week show an increase, as compared with those of 1863, of £4. 18s. 6d., and of £4. 14s. 9d. over 1862. The following companies are prepared to receive tenders for loans on debentures:—Great Western and Brentford, in sums of £100 and upwards, to replace debentures falling due; Lancashire and Yorkshire, for a period of years, to replace loans paid off; London, Chatham, and Dover, of £100 and upwards, secured either on the general undertaking or the metropolitan extensions, for three or five years, at 5 per cent. per annum; Midland, in sums of £100 and upwards, for three years, to meet debentures falling due; Staines, Wokingham, and Woking, for a limited amount for three, five, or seven years, at 4½ per cent. per annum, to replace loans falling due; and Tewkesbury and Malvern, for three, five, or seven years, in sums of £100 and upwards at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The directors of the Dublin and Meath Railway in their half-yearly report announce the satisfactory fact, that arrangements have been made for the immediate withdrawal of all the "Lloyds Bonds" in existence, and that creditors to the extent of nearly £200,000 have consented to accept stock in full satisfaction of their claims.

The amount for which tenders for bills on India will be received on the 7th inst. is Rs. 30,000,000 (£300,000), of which not more than Rs. 12,000,000 (£120,000) will be for Bombay.

A first return of £3 per share to the proprietors of the Unity Bank is announced by Mr. Howell, the accountant to the liquidators of the Company.

The unclaimed dividends handed over to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, and by them invested in the public funds, amounted at the close of the last financial year to no less than £2,879,975 stock. There is also in the hands of the Commissioners more than £500,000 stock on which no dividend has been claimed for upwards of ten years.

The following relates to the Venezuela, New Grenada, and Mexican debts:—"The agents of the General Credit and Finance Company, under date from La Guayra, August 9, 1864, advise the following amounts collected from the Custom-houses of that port and Puerto Cabello—viz.: In La Guayra, up to week ending Saturday, 6th inst., \$6,824 40c.; Puerto Cabello, up to week ending Saturday, July 30, \$6,618 82c.; ditto, 6th instant, \$9,005 62c.: making a total of \$22,448 84c."

New Granada Debt.—Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have received the following remittance on account of New Granada dividends:—From Custom-house of Santa Marta, £1,793. 4s. 3d.; from Custom-house of San José de Cucuta, £1,352. 13s. 1d.: making a total of £3,145. 17s. 4d.

Mexican Debt.—Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have received by this mail on account of Mexican dividends \$64,499 86c.

The mail from Guayaquil has brought a remittance of £511 on account of the dividends on the debt of Ecuador.

LETTERS from Paris mention the departure of M. Steege, Prince Couza's Minister of Finance, for Bucharest, after having negotiated the Moldo-Wallachian Loan with well-known French houses who are to be associated with English capitalists. 18,000,000 fr. of the loan have already been ratified by the Chambers; but a second ratification will have to take place by the Moldo-Wallachian Legislature, as the whole amount contracted for is stated to be 32,000,000 fr. The first payment by the contractors is to take place in October, and the remainder at the end of the year.

A PRIVATE bank has been just created under the name of the Commercial Bank of St. Petersburg, the founders and directors of which are the principal representatives of the mercantile community. This new establishment is constituted with a capital of 10,000,000 roubles (4 fr. each). It is authorised to establish branch banks in the other cities of the Russian empire.

ADVICES from Frankfort state that a dispute has arisen between the dealers in American securities. It appears that the bonds recently sold when offered for delivery were of the issue redeemable in 1880. These the purchasers refused to take—they being 2 per cent. lower at Amsterdam—maintaining that the vendors were bound to deliver the old bonds as formerly dealt in. The Chamber of Commerce has been appealed to in order to decide on the matter between the contending parties.

THE *Belgian Independance* mentions that a loan of one milliard (£40,000,000) is contemplated at Paris, for the purpose of completing the net-work of railways.

ADVICES from Morocco mention that some experiments in cotton-growing in that country have shown it to be highly adapted for the cultivation. Three bales sown from Sea Island seed sent out by Messrs. Robinson & Fleming last year were valued at 3s. 6d. to 5s. per lb., although, owing to the smallness of the quantity, they have been sold at Liverpool for 32d.

ADVICES from Athens, dated the 20th ult., mention that negotiations began there on that day between the representatives of France, Russia, England, and Greece, with a view to an arrangement of the debts of 1824 and 1825.

WE learn the following from the *New York Journal of Commerce* of August 15. Gold opened this morning at 255½, and advanced to 256½, closing at 256½. The hope which many entertain of a speedy settlement of our difficulties, together with the absence of an export demand, tends to keep down the quotation for gold. Silver is selling at 242 to 243. Foreign exchange is less freely offered; the rate for 60 day sterling in gold is 108 to 108½, in currency the bankers ask 278. The stock-market is quiet, but stronger, and prices have generally improved. Many of the operators are out of town, which tends to keep the business within narrow limits. The total receipts to-day at the Sub-Treasury were \$1,364,059 39c.; total payments, \$850,961 45c., leaving a balance on hand in specie and paper money of \$16,457,913 59c. The receipts for duties to-day at the Custom-house were \$185,559 64c., of which \$559 64c. were in paper, and \$185,000 were in gold. The bank statement for the week, as compared with the preceding returns, shows a decrease of \$489,263 in loans and discounts, \$79,209 in specie, \$104,924 in circulation, and an increase of \$2,547,251 in net deposits.

THE traffic return of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway for the month of July shows a total receipt of \$332,098, being at the rate of \$258 per mile per week.

THERE are at present ten railways in India either opened for a portion of their whole distance or in process of construction, and some of these have branch lines. Two lines—the Scinde (114 miles) and the Eastern Bengal (114 miles)—are finished their whole length. The total length of line now open for traffic is 2,687½ miles, and 2,100 yet remain to be constructed before the system, as far as sanctioned, will be completed. Since the 1st of January, 1863, 358½ miles have been finished and opened up to January last. Last year 279 ships carried out from this country 166,840 tons of goods, valued at £1,285,464, for these railways, while nearly a like quantity was sent during the previous twelve months. The shipments of railway materials to India from this country have altogether amounted to 2,764,781 tons, of the value of £15,128,856.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

VENETIA IN 1864.*

NOTHING can be more sad than the present state of Venetia. Like Rome, she is condemned to see the rest of Italy enjoying a national existence and a constitutional liberty, from which she is excluded. The hope which does not wholly desert the Romans is, however, denied to the Venetians. The former can and do indulge the confident expectation that the Emperor Louis Napoleon will some day tire of maintaining the Papal tyranny, and withdraw from the Papal throne its only support. But the latter are in the hands of a powerful military empire; their territory is crowded by an immense army of aliens; and some of the strongest fortifications in Europe defend it against the approach of a liberating force; insurrection is out of the question, and the day and the occasion which may bring foreign but friendly troops to the assault of the Austrian strongholds are still indefinitely distant. If anything were wanting to make their lot still more intolerable, it would be found in the bitter disappointment inflicted upon them by the peace of Villafranca. In 1859 the flags of the French fleet might be seen from the Lido; and after the battle of Solferino, every day was expected to bring the French army before Mantua or Verona, in order to complete the creation of an Italy "free from the Alps to the Adriatic." But at the very moment when the Venetians were waiting to catch the first sound of the welcome cannon, they heard that a treaty had been signed which left them in the hands of their oppressors, and consigned them to a rule necessarily rendered more stringently severe than before by the union of the remainder of Italy under a constitutional monarchy. It is difficult to realise, it is impossible to exaggerate, the bitterness of such a fate. That it is severely felt by the people must be apparent even to the ordinary English tourist, who is "doing" the Queen of the Adriatic by the help of his "Murray." It is the object of the work before us not only to give something like a complete and accurate idea of the relations between the Venetians and their masters, but to show by facts and figures the disastrous effect upon both parties of a continuance of the present state of things. Although there is little absolute novelty in its contents, it brings together much information not readily accessible to the general reader, and it has the merit of presenting it to him through the medium of lucid arrangement, temperate statement, and an agreeable style.

At the present moment Austria simply garrisons Venetia. She does not attempt to do anything but hold it by force of arms. The functions of civil government are reduced to mere police supervision. It is impossible to accomplish anything more amongst a people who hold themselves sullenly aloof from those whom they regard as foreigners and tyrants. In vain did Austria, in 1861, try the experiment of reconciling the Venetians to her rule by giving them a share in the Liberal institutions which were then offered to the whole empire. In that year the province was called upon to send 20 representatives to the Reichsrath; but out of 809 communes 405, including all the most important, refused to meet in order to take the first step in the rather complicated process of election. Seven out of nine provincial "congregations" declined to draw up any electoral lists; and the "congregation centrale" declared that under these circumstances it was impossible to nominate any representatives. Finally, when the governor himself appointed twenty deputies, those whom he nominated refused to act. With the exception of some of the country districts, where the Church and Government exercise an irresistible influence over the poor and ignorant peasantry, the population was unanimously bent upon proving to Austria that no compromise would be accepted from her, and that the one thing they desired was—her absence. It is scarcely surprising that from that time the Cabinet of Vienna has given up any attempt to maintain the semblance of legality in its rule. The laws are constantly violated; personal liberty is at the mercy of the police; all newspapers except the Government organs are suppressed; letters are freely opened in their passage through the post, the official correspondence of the English and French consuls not being exempt from violation. In short, the Government simply does what seems fit to it, and scarcely cares to conceal the fact that its existence depends solely upon the material force at its command.

But the Venetians do not confine themselves to a purely negative hostility. They not only refuse to mingle with the hated *Tedeschi*, and abstain from participation in any sort of amusement, but they contribute both in money, and still more in men, to the resources and the strength of the kingdom of Italy. Since 1859, it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons have passed into the dominions of Victor Emmanuel, whose army they have supplied with 14,000 recruits. Very few Venetian families have not some of their relatives on the other side of the Mincio, whose influence, and the very fact of whose exile, contribute powerfully to maintain, and even to intensify, the feeling of hatred towards Austria. Moreover, a "central Venetian committee" is established at Turin, and exercises, through committees in each province, an unquestioned authority over the people. It is true that it is not in a position to do anything, nor has it, so far as we are aware, committed itself to any insurrectionary organizations or movements, which under present circumstances could be attended with no useful result. But its existence does not the less contribute to strengthen and conso-

lidate the moral opposition which the people offer to the Government at every turn.

That the cultivation of art, science, and literature should languish in Venetia is only what might be expected, seeing that the most distinguished professors and students have either been banished, or have voluntarily emigrated. Nor is it more surprising that a system of national education should be found impossible when a foreign Government is determined to force its own language and its own ideas on a people who are equally determined to have none of them. Austria has, indeed, endeavoured to exercise an influence over the rising generation through the priests. Before 1859 most of the clergy were faithful to the national cause; but since the Roman question has been raised they are said (especially those in the higher ranks) to have deserted their country in favour of their spiritual chief, and they now energetically support the Emperor Francis Joseph, because he is the enemy of the King of Italy. Still that support, although ungrudgingly given, has not proved of much practical value. The attitude of the clergy weakens the Church much more than it strengthens the Government.

In truth, as we have already said, Austria depends entirely upon her bayonets and her fortifications for the retention of her Italian provinces. She has now in Venetia an army of 150,000 to 180,000 men, who are so disposed that they can be concentrated in three days; and since 1859 she has laid out immense sums in strengthening the famous Quadrilateral and in fortifying the city of Venice. The expense of lodging and feeding these troops weighs cruelly upon the province. Within the last six years the local taxation has been increased 91 per cent.; and the general taxation 19 per cent. Almost every impost has been augmented, while each is collected with more pitiless severity and with less regard to justice than was ever previously displayed even by an Austrian taxgatherer. It is often alleged that whatever else they have gained, the Italians have not acquired cheap government; and the Papal party in our own House of Commons have more than once ventured to condole with them on the high price they pay for their liberty. But the author of this work shows, in the most conclusive manner, that it is at all events cheaper to be free in Lombardy than to be oppressed in Venetia:—

"La comparaison de l'état financier de la Vénétie restée autrichienne, avec celui de la Lombardie devenue indépendante, montre que l'une verrait, sous la loi italienne, le chiffre de sa contribution diminuer de 20 millions, que l'autre verrait sous le régime autrichien, celui de la sienne augmenter de 25, et que si Venise gagnerait 25 pour 100 à changer de régime, la Lombardie en perdrait autant à reprendre l'ancien."

In consequence, partly of the oppressiveness of the taxes, and partly of the absenteeism of the proprietors, who spend as little of their time as they can help under Austrian rule, agriculture is in a declining condition, and the state of the cultivators grows steadily worse. Nor do commerce and industry fare better. Since 1859 there has been a falling off of 28 per cent. in the number of ships entering and leaving the port of Venice, and of 41 per cent. upon the tonnage. During the same period the imports have diminished 27½ per cent. and the exports 53½ per cent. It must not, however, be supposed that this result is entirely due to the increase of duties or even to the impoverishment of the producing and consuming classes. It arises in a great degree from the separation of Venice from the rest of Italy. A barrier of custom-houses now divides the Venetians from their best customers; and Genoa has become the port of supply for a large portion of the country which formerly resorted to her ancient rival. But still it is not less a consequence of the deplorable political situation of the province. The manufactures of Venetia have suffered not less than her commerce. From 1860 to 1862 the export of glass has fallen off to the extent of 690,000 florins; the manufacture of wax has diminished during the same period 62 per cent.; and the sugar refineries have been destroyed by absurd fiscal legislation.

The decline in material prosperity is accompanied by slowly increasing social disorganization:—

"L'appauvrissement général qui résulte de cet affaiblissement inouï de la production en tout genre, engendre la misère avec l'attentat aux propriétés, le prolétariat agricole, l'antagonisme des fermiers et des propriétaires dans les campagnes, la mendicité avec les vols et le manque complet de sécurité dans les villes. Les institutions de bienfaisance accroissent quelquefois le mal, parce qu'elles assurent un refuge certain à la paresse. Elles sont nombreuses et mal constituées en Vénétie. Mais les institutions créées par la charité préventive, qui peut tout contre la misère en développant l'association et le travail, y sont rares, et à Venise même tout à fait absentes. Les délits s'accroissent par l'espérance de l'impunité et la police qui donne tous ses soins à l'inquisition politique, laisse aux voleurs une sécurité qu'elle enlève aux honnêtes gens, suspects de patriotisme."

To sum up the result in a single sentence, Austrian rule is gradually but surely crushing the life out of this unhappy province. The emperor-king cannot fulfil there one single function higher than those of a policeman or a dragoon. His so-called government is as gross an outrage upon humanity as is that of his brother despot in Poland.

There is, however, no probability that Austria will voluntarily retire from a position of so much embarrassment. Her pride is too deeply interested in the retention of Venetia to allow her to make the sacrifice which prudence would suggest. If such considerations were likely to be of any avail, it would be easy to demonstrate that her armed occupation of Venetia is the source not of strength,

* La Vénétie en 1864. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

but of weakness; that it cripples her both financially and politically; and that it places her in permanent antagonism with the public opinion of Europe. In spite of the Quadrilateral, she feels that her hold upon any portion of Italian soil is, and must remain, perilously insecure. Nor can any one doubt that to a sense of this is mainly due her pitiable subserviency to Prussia. She has compromised if she has not abdicated her position as a great European power in order to keep a possession which is not only worthless but ruinous to her. But although we do not see any hope of the early liberation of Venetia, it is not useless to keep her actual condition before the world. It is well that her oppressor should reap the fruit of wrong-doing in the indignation and disgust of mankind; it is also well that the Venetians should receive whatever comfort and consolation may be afforded to them by the knowledge that their patriotism excites the warmest admiration, and their misery the profoundest sympathy, both in England and France.

FRANCE UNDER THE BONAPARTIST RÉGIME.*

THE second part of Prince Dolgoroukow's work is even less historical in character than was the first. It is written with a vehement party spirit, and displays a readiness to believe any story to the prejudice of Louis Napoleon and his friends, that compels us to receive its statements with the greatest distrust. At the same time, it may be read with a certain amount of interest by those who care to know what is said by their opponents of the principal members of the Bonapartist party and the chief agents in the *coup d'état*. Mr. Kinglake has given us some little insight into the kind of biography of St. Arnaud and others which is current in the Faubourg St. Germain and amongst the Republicans, but he is sometimes provokingly reserved, and puts us off with a vague allusion or a sarcastic reference instead of telling us exactly what is the crime charged against the object of his polished vituperation. Prince Dolgoroukow, however, is guilty of no such reticence. He calls a spade a spade in the directest manner, and when he believes that a man is a swindler or an assassin, he says so without the slightest circumlocution. We do not know that we can give a better idea of the character of the book than by epitomizing one or two of the personal sketches which it contains. And we will begin with that of St. Arnaud, which is entitled to precedence both on account of its greater elaborateness and of the conspicuous part which was played by the marshal both at the time of the *coup d'état* and in subsequent years.

Jacques Arnaud Leroy was born in Paris, in 1801, and became, in due course, a sous-lieutenant. Obligated to retire from the army in consequence of his ill-conduct, he assumed the name of Achille St. Arnaud, and became secretary to an improvisatore, for whom he wrote verses. At this period of his life (1824) he is said to have pledged, at the Mont de Piété, a shawl and two chemises for 18 francs; so minute is the scrutiny to which his life has been subjected! Having made the acquaintance of a Madame Pilay, he came with her to London, and the pair lived for some little time by swindling. Having robbed some furnished lodgings which they occupied, they returned to Paris, when St. Arnaud was thrown into prison for debt. After remaining there for two years, he obtained his liberation (in 1831), and also his reinstatement in the army as sous-lieutenant. In consequence of his discharging the odious duty of a spy upon the Duchess de Berri during her confinement at St. Blaze, the officers of his regiment refused to associate with him, and he was compelled to exchange into the foreign legion. In 1837 he rose to the grade of captain, and as such was intrusted with the funds requisite for paying and feeding the men of his company. Detected soon afterwards in the act of embezzlement, he was saved from the punishment due to his crime by the earnest intercession of General Bedeau. By his military services, he afterwards gained the rank of general, and shortly before the *coup d'état* was in command of the province of Constantine. Selected by the Prince-President's confidential adviser, Fleury, as the likeliest man to carry out successfully the plot which was in concoction, he returned to Paris as Minister of War, and was at once admitted to the secret counsels of the conspirators. At first, he showed himself hesitating and indecisive; but an inopportune discovery of new frauds and embezzlements committed by him in Algeria placed him at the mercy of Louis Napoleon, and left him no alternative but to do what was asked of him. Still he would not act against the people on the 2nd December, until he had received a written order from the President, which we are assured that he forthwith sent to England, where it remained until after his death. To the existence of this order M. Dolgoroukow attributes much of the influence which he exercised over the Emperor, and the impunity with which he was even allowed to assassinate General Cornemuse, within the precincts of the Tuileries!

Of Fleury, whom both Mr. Kinglake and the present author concur in representing as the life and soul of the conspiracy which eventuated in the *coup d'état*, we hear nothing worse than that he was unprincipled and selfish, and entirely governed by a greed of gold. But Maupas, who became prefect of police, is accused of having previously supported false charges of conspiracy by suborned evidence. Fould is said to owe his power at the Tuileries to the fact of his having advanced 4,000,000 francs to the Emperor on the eve of the *coup d'état*. Vieyra is asserted to have been once the keeper of a *maison de tolerance*, and, as such, to have

offered a creditor a security of a peculiarly infamous character. To Count Arago, the Governor of the Bank of France in 1851, it is imputed that he connived at the abstraction of twenty-five millions of francs from the vaults of that establishment, and then committed a deliberate falsehood by denying that any such transaction ever took place. How much of truth or falsehood there may be in these statements it is difficult, if not impossible, to say, but it is clear that they rest mainly upon the gossip current amongst bitter antagonists, and if we admit the probability of their having a substratum of fact, it is quite certain that they have received a good deal of colouring.

The present part of M. Dolgoroukow's work takes up the narrative in the spring of 1851. It was at that time perfectly clear that the Republic was doomed. The Legitimists and the Orleanists were bent upon replacing it by a monarchy. The middle classes were completely frightened out of their wits by the "spectre rouge," and desired nothing so much as the advent of a strong Government, which would at least render their lives and property secure. Everyone felt that there was no element of permanence in the existing state of things, and the only practical question was, as to the kind of revolution that was impending. The year was spent by all parties in manœuvring for the advantage in that contest, which all felt was approaching. The false step taken by the Assembly in voting the electoral law of May, 1850, enabled Louis Napoleon to exhibit himself to the masses as the champion of universal suffrage; while, by leading to considerable agitation in favour of a revision of the constitution, it deepened the general sense of unsettlement and the general feeling of apprehension. The Assembly was prorogued in August, and the following three months were spent by all parties in preparing for the next Presidential election. When they met again on the 4th of November, every one felt that a collision was perceptibly nearer. The three questors of the Assembly, M. Baze, General Le Flô, and M. Panat, proposed to take a decisive step. They would have forthwith invested the President of the Assembly with the power of calling for the protection of a military force if he thought it requisite. If their motion had been carried, there is no doubt that it would have been immediately acted upon—that General Changarnier would have been entrusted with the command of these troops—and that the Bonapartists must either have abandoned their designs or have attempted to carry them out before they were fully matured. But the ultra-republicans, at the instigation, it is said, of Prince Napoleon, pronounced decidedly against the proposition. They would not "arm the law of the 31st May," and the assembly was left to its fate. In the meantime the preparations for the *coup d'état* were being pushed on. By successive changes of ministry, most artfully conducted, the Prince-President had at last secured a cabinet composed exclusively of his own creatures. St. Arnaud was his Minister of War, and General Magnan commanded the army of Paris. To make sure of that army was an object of the first necessity. It was accomplished without much difficulty. On the 27th of November twenty of the generals in command were summoned to meet at Magnan's hotel. What inducements were held out to them—whether they did or did not receive any portion of the four millions said to have been advanced by Fould, or of the twenty-five millions alleged to have been abstracted from the Bank of France—we cannot say, but it is certain that they all agreed to execute any orders they might receive from Magnan. Magnan, on his side, declared that he would only act on an order signed by St. Arnaud. "In this way," said he, "we shall take no part in the plot; we shall confine ourselves to obeying the orders of our chiefs. You and I, gentlemen, are only officers sent to conduct and command military detachments." In other words, they agreed to act as mere military machines in the destruction of the constitution. M. Dolgoroukow is justly severe upon their conduct, but after all it was only what might be expected. Probably the English army is the only one in Europe of which the superior officers would not, under similar circumstances, act in the same way. And the reason they would not do so is because they have a social standing independent of their military position, and would lose as Englishmen more than they would gain as soldiers, by the establishment of a military despotism.

It seems rather extraordinary that a secret committed to the keeping of so many persons should not have oozed out, but such was certainly not the case. The leading members of the Assembly had no idea on the 1st December how near was the danger with which they were menaced. After receiving a large circle at the Elysées on that night, Louis Napoleon retired to his cabinet with Morny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. The last arrangements were hastily made; the requisite proclamation and decrees were signed and sent off to the printers, where they were set up by compositors working between *gens d'armes*; orders were given to hold the troops and the police in readiness; and the conspirators awaited, not without some apprehension, the approach of morning. M. Dolgoroukow adopts Mr. Kinglake's statement that Louis Napoleon hesitated at the last moment; and we think it not unlikely that he may have done so. But when once the die was cast his resolution never failed him, nor can it be denied that the scheme was carried out with a firmness, and, we must add, with a ruthlessness, quite equal to the ability with which it was contrived. Paris awoke to find herself in the hands of a master whose troops lined the principal streets and held every important strategic point. Nor were the attempts at resistance made in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and other quarters of a very important character. The truth is that the events of the last few years had so far

* La France sous le Régime Bonapartiste. Par le Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow. Deuxième Livraison. Londres: Stanislas Tchorzewski.

divided the various classes of the population that co-operation amongst them was impossible. The middle classes received the establishment of a military despotism with sullen resignation rather than any other feeling. But even if they had not felt it hopeless to struggle against the overwhelming force of the army of Paris, they would probably then have hesitated to ally themselves with the workmen. Some slight outbreaks took place in different parts of the country, but these were easily suppressed. Exhausted by past struggles, and dreading an uncertain future, the nation quietly submitted to its new master; but it is absurd to pretend that his sway was anywhere welcomed with enthusiasm.

With respect to the principal events of the *coup d'état*, M. Dolgourowkow does little more than copy the narratives of M. Schœlcher and M. Victor Hugo. He cannot be said to add in any respect to our knowledge on these points; and, upon the whole, the present instalment of his work must be regarded as far inferior in interest to that which preceded it.

METAMORPHOSES OF MAN AND ANIMALS.*

COMPARATIVE physiology has made immense strides within the past fifty years toward the completion of its statute-book; and in none of its branches has the progress made been more prominent than in that of Embryology. The study of the development of the ovum has, from time to time, engaged the attention of Von Baër, Bischoff, Agassiz, Coste, Kölliker, Saint-Ange, Vogt, and others, on the Continent; and of Harvey, Home, Hunter, Barry, Thomson, Owen, Carpenter, Huxley, and Lubbock, in our own country; but till recently, the various researches of these physiologists, conducted independently, were published as contributions to the pages of learned periodicals, which no ordinary individual would venture to consult. M. De Quatrefages—himself a distinguished embryologist, and one of the first naturalists in France—has, however, given us a work in which we find, not only his own conclusions regarding the complex questions of development, but also the results of the inquiries made by all those who have already laboured in the same field. It would be difficult to compute the years that must have been spent in the arrangement of such a treatise; and none but a working naturalist could realize the amount of study and analysis which must have been expended in the task.

It would be utterly impossible to criticise a production like that before us; for, in order to do so, one should have worked for years in the peculiar department of science to which it relates. Of course, we may speak as to style; and on this point we may observe, that the book is characterized by an ease and grace of diction rather unfrequent in writings pertaining to philosophy, and that it is not disfigured by the constant introduction of unnecessary technical expressions, which is so common a feature of English and American works on Natural History. The author treats of that portion of the life-history of animals which is included between the period of birth and that of arrival at adult condition. Every animal—no matter what its position in the zoologic scale—undergoes a series of very important modifications of form and structure while passing from the condition of egg to that of perfect being. Such alterations have, from time immemorial, been observed among insects; and to them the expression “metamorphoses” was first applied. But since all animals exhibit these changes in a greater or less degree, the term may be employed to group a large number of kindred phenomena. This is what our author dwells upon especially; and his book may be said to embrace descriptions of the metamorphoses of all animals from the monad up to man.

The first chapter opens with a discussion of the nature of life, and this we regard as the least valuable part of the volume; for herein we find that a somewhat super-sensual notion of the nature of what is called vital force is advocated. On this point we cannot agree with M. De Quatrefages, for although we are far from supposing that the nature of life has yet been clearly made out, we conceive that quite sufficient has been shown to lead us to believe with Tyndall, Carpenter, Grove, and Huxley, that it is the result of the operation of the *one force* which pervades the universe upon what is known as organised matter. Passing on to Chapter II. and the succeeding chapters, we discover the pith of the treatise. Instead of commencing at the bottom of the scale, and ascending as some writers do, the author begins with man, as an ovum, and then travels onwards till he reaches the infusoria. The human animal like the lower forms springs from an egg, and undergoes metamorphoses on its journey to what-it-will-be; but there is this difference between the two—let us say between the mammal and the butterfly—that the changes which the former undergoes occur within the walls of the uterus, while those of the latter take place to a great extent beneath the eye of the ordinary observer. It seems strange that two similar series of phenomena should be placed under such dissimilar conditions; that while one is exposed to the gaze of the world, the other can only be observed by the eye of the comparative anatomist. The mystery is explained by the author's researches, and the law regulating the exposure or concealment of the process has been clearly laid down by the translator, who writes:—

“Those creatures whose ova—owing to an insufficient supply of nutritious contents, and an incapacity on the part of the mother to

provide for their complete development within her own substance—are rapidly hatched, give birth to imperfect offspring, which, in proceeding to their definitive characters, undergo several alterations in structure and form, known as metamorphoses.”

Here, then, we perceive the causes of what were formerly called metamorphoses, but which must, in accordance with our present law, be expressed as *external* metamorphoses in order to distinguish them from those similar and equally important alterations which take place *in utero*. The metamorphic changes characteristic of the human species consist in those numerous transformations of the ovum which are undergone during the period of intra-uterine existence. Thus we have, first the segmentation of the yolk and production of the *mulberry-like* mass; then the solution of this and the development of a *germinative area*; next, the first trace of a vertebrate being in the form of a longitudinal line—the *primitive streak*. Then, again, the splitting up of the germinal membrane into three layers, which give rise to the digestive skin and circulatory systems, and in this manner the conversion of a microscopic transparent sphere into a miniature representation of the “human form divine.”

This is but a rough sketch of what M. De Quatrefages places upon the canvass in the most glowing and attractive colours. Leaving man, we find our author supplies us with even fuller details regarding the development of insects. The metamorphoses of the common white butterfly are described in a style to make the subject of interest even to those who consider the study of natural history a rather dull pursuit. The creature is traced from its condition as a little geometrically-shaped egg attached to a cabbage-leaf, through its various stages of larva and pupa, till it reaches its imago phase, and emerges from its membranous shroud as a perfect insect. The process of moulting, which all caterpillars go through, is one of much interest to naturalists. Speaking of the voracious habits of the larva prior to this operation, the author writes:—

“After some days this enormous appetite is lost; the caterpillar becomes quite languid, loses its colour and appears to wither. It then crawls away to some sheltered locality. If we follow it to its retreat we shall see it attach itself firmly to the ground, alternately contracting and inflating its body and twisting it about in every way; then resting for awhile as if completely exhausted, and finally commencing anew. Sometimes whole hours are spent before we can see the object of all these tiresome operations. Eventually the skin bursts at the third or fourth ring, and splits in a straight line from one end of the body to the other. The caterpillar now pushes out first its head, and afterwards its entire body, and appears in a new skin as flexible and as brilliantly coloured as ever. It has also increased in size, so that it would be quite impossible to inclose it in the case which before enveloped it. Its organs have increased in volume, but having been pent up and compressed by the old skin, when suddenly liberated they attained their proper size, as it were through their natural elasticity.”

Those who have observed the sides of merchant vessels which have just disembarked their cargoes have noticed the curious white shell-fish-like bodies, which are attached to the hull by cartilaginous flexible stalk. Such bodies are veritable crustacea, akin to the common crab and lobster, and have a curious history connected with them. Of a like nature are the barnacles of our sea-side rocks, and the metamorphoses of these are indeed wonderful. Selecting the latter, M. De Quatrefages gives us the following strange account of the development of one of the genera, *balanus*:—

“From the egg laid by the mother there springs an almost microscopic larva, whose narrow body is divided into a few long segments, and carries anteriorly two free antennæ, and laterally two other appendages of a similar nature inclosed in horny cases. Three pairs of feet clothed with long stout hairs answer the purpose of oars. A carapace composed of a single piece, covers the back, and laps over the body anteriorly and laterally, disclosing a single solitary eye in front. The little *balanus* being thus provided with sense organs and locomotive apparatus swims rapidly through the water. . . . A change is now undergone. Its body is entirely concealed by a pair of valves like those of mollusks; the number of feet increases; and by the aid of two anterior appendages, which spring from the shell, it is enabled to attach itself to sea-weeds and other submarine bodies. It is by grasping the rock with these peculiar organs that the little crustacean fixes itself in some position where the waves beat most violently; it then loses its bi-valve shell and replaces it by several distinct pieces, which, like so many plates, cover the back and sides of the animal. This, however, is essentially a transitory condition. A sort of calcareous wall is very soon raised around this species of nymph, and assumes the form of an irregular hollow pyramid, with a wide and jagged orifice. It is in this prison that the young barnacle, hitherto free and unrestrained, is confined for the rest of its days. It is folded in two; and its feet, henceforth useless as fins, are transformed into recurved and beautifully ciliated cirrhi. These latter it is, which, when moved by powerful muscles, henceforth provide our little monk with food. They form a sort of double plume above the head, projecting beyond the opening of the valves, and when rapidly moved backwards and forwards, they draw to its mouth the food which the barnacle cannot now go in pursuit of.”

In treating of that very anomalous and death-producing creature the tape-worm, the author's descriptions are equally felicitous; and we may mention that no class of animals which undergo metamorphoses has been neglected. Everywhere we find the most abundant

* *Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals*. By A. De Quatrefages, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Translated by Henry Lawson, M.D., Professor of Physiology in Queen's College, Birmingham. London: Hardwicke.

and interesting details, and in every instance the explanations are most lucid.

The second portion of the present volume relates to the mysterious powers of certain animals to reproduce themselves, both by buds and ova—the generations thus originated being quite unlike each other in form, and constantly succeeding each in such a manner as to have given rise to the expression, “*alternation of generations*,” or, as M. De Quatrefages terms it, “*geneagenesis*.” We regret that space does not permit us to do more than allude to this division of the work, which is of great importance in a philosophical point of view. We have already said enough to show that the essay which Dr. Lawson has introduced to us in an English garb is one which marks a new era in the history of Embryology, and which presents to both general and scientific readers information which has hitherto been confined to the realms of dusty periodicals of all languages. “*The Metamorphoses*” is a work which tends to elevate the science of Biology, and deserves the attention of all classes of cultivated readers.

THE LATE R. A. WILLMOTT.*

WHAT shall we say of this book? How deal with a production dictated by sorrowing love, and deriving its interest almost entirely from feelings with which the critic, on his own ground of criticism, has no concern? The late Robert Aris Willmott was a writer of elegant tastes, of refined judgment, and of pleasing literary manner; but he was not a man of sufficient mark to demand any elaborate estimate, and the present work, having been published three times before the edition now on our table, requires no introduction to the world. The life of Mr. Willmott by his sister presents few features for remark. Its interest will be greatest for those who knew the reverend gentleman and his family; for to the outer public there is a good deal in this tribute of sisterly affection which will appear scarcely important enough for preservation. Mr. Willmott's life was very uneventful, and the biography here put forth consists mainly of his correspondence with his mother, father, and other relatives. We can well understand how tenderly interesting these letters must be to the surviving relatives; but, though written in a pleasant, lively, cultivated manner, they do not evince sufficient originality of mind or force of character to excite any strong curiosity in readers who had not the privilege of personally knowing Mr. Willmott. Domestic affection, devotion to his duties as a clergyman, and love of sequestered meditations in the green retreats of English poetical literature, were his leading characteristics; and these are apparent all through his correspondence. But the gossip is often mere gossip, and we are struck with a prevailing feebleness, which frequently makes us inclined to skip. Mr. Willmott reminds us very much of the Rev. Mr. Headley, a literary clergyman who lived towards the close of last century, and who died early. He had the same amiability, the same *dilettante* taste, the same gentle pensiveness (partly natural, no doubt, and partly encouraged as a sort of graceful literary mood), and the same tendency to the sentimental in all things. He is sentimental in writing to his mother; even as a boy he is great upon the sorrows of this life, and seems to pet and hug them as good materials for writing poems about. His mind was formed before the advent of muscular Christianity, and the literary clergymen of those days almost always fell into accents of mild melancholy. On the whole, we prefer the older fashion to the newer. The sentimentalist is sometimes, undoubtedly, rather provoking with his wilful and conscious *pose* of sadness; but there is nothing so intolerable as your muscular clergyman, with his perpetual talk of horses, dogs, boating, and cricket—his essence of *Bell's Life* and gospel of the prize-ring. The very fact of his having got hold of a truth which he contrives to make ridiculous by exaggeration, renders him the more offensive. The sentimentalist, on the other hand, does not pretend to be a great moral reformer; so that his worst mistakes are merely mistakes of taste, and do not irritate the reader into opposition, anger, or contempt.

Robert Eldridge Aris Willmott was a Wiltshire man by birth, coming of a Somersetshire family by his father's side and of a Hampshire family by his mother's. He was born on the 30th of January, 1809, and was brought up in London. To his second name, Eldridge, he entertained a great dislike—why, his sister does not say, but probably because of its similarity to the old English or Scotch word “*eldritch*,” meaning something elfish, goblin-like, or supernatural,—a word occurring in the ballads in Percy's “*Reliques*,” which Willmott edited, and with which, doubtless from his earliest years, he was well acquainted. He was educated first at Merchant Taylors', afterwards at Harrow, and finally at Trinity College, Cambridge. At Harrow, when he was only nineteen, he brought out, in six numbers, a collection of prose and verse called “*The Harrovian*,” and even a year earlier than that—if we correctly interpret Miss Willmott's narrative, for there is a great want of clearness in the dates—he had published “*Lives of the English Sacred Poets*.” His other works, issued from time to time all through his life, were “*Conversations at Cambridge*,” “*Pictures of Christian Life*,” “*The Parlour Table Book*,” “*Biography of Jeremy Taylor*,” an edition of George Herbert's writings, editions of the poems of Gray, Parnell, Collins, Green, and Warton, in one volume; editions of Cowper, Akenside, and Dyer; editions of

Burns's poems, of Bishop Percy's “*Reliques*,” and of Tasso's “*Jerusalem Delivered*,” “*The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*,” “*English Sacred Poetry*,” and the work here reprinted, together with many contributions to magazines and reviews. When to all this we add his numerous sermons, to which he always gave more attention, even on literary grounds, than to any of his other compositions, and when we recollect that he was an indefatigable minister, we must certainly give him credit for great industry and conscientiousness. Indeed, it is very certain that he overworked himself. Towards the latter end of his life he fell into a state of utter sleeplessness, which even powerful opiates could not always overcome—the sure sign of a brain unduly wrought and morbidly fatigued. Money difficulties also overtook him; the death of a favourite sister in earlier years had left an abiding sorrow in his heart; the loss of his mother, in August, 1861, was a fresh grief to his sensitive nature; and the unkindness of an old and trusted friend, who had refused him a favour which he had asked, brought on an attack of paralysis, of which, on the 27th of May, 1863, after a period of sickness varied by the usual fluctuations, he expired, at the early age of fifty-four:—

“For several months previous to his sickness Willmott had found exertion in reading, and a few books were usually selected for companions from a library hitherto filled with intimate acquaintances, ‘*In Memoriam*’ being prominent among them. Its exquisite thoughts had been to him a study and a delight, winning by degrees to themselves a mind formed to appreciate them. On the title-page of his copy some touching words are inserted, written, it is supposed, in his latest illness. The ‘*Dead Man of Bethany*’ comprised the last verses he was ever heard repeating, and might be said to breathe an additional charm, when united with the ‘*tuneful melodious voice*,’ that in weaker hours had lost none of its music, as the Lord's Prayer, and Collects for the Second Sunday in Lent, and the seventh after Trinity, with other sentences, indicative of love and forgiveness, fell repeatedly on the ear.

“The personal appearance of Willmott was characterised by an open and expressive countenance; the complexion was fair, and the eyes blue, becoming, when animated, dark and lustrous. A likeness, painted in 1846, and a photograph taken four years ago, simply perpetuate the massive forehead, and the outline of a face, the ever-varying expression of which no picture could convey.

“It was not probable that a ‘*distant even*’ would shed its ‘*rainbow tints*’ on a life that had been shaken by many storms; but if complete repose could have been insured, it might have been prolonged. The medical opinion was that disease had been imperceptibly progressing for some time, and that after our pastor removed to Nettlebed his strength was unequal to literary work, the close of his pilgrimage being in sight when he left Bear Wood.

“It only now remains for us to say, that all that is mortal of our friend sleeps with his mother and sister, in the churchyard of St. Catherine's.”

Mr. Willmott was evidently a man of amiable disposition and graceful, cultivated mind—an excellent clergyman and an agreeable author. The papers contained in the present volume are somewhat too desultory, but they are full of suggestiveness, and evince an intelligent love of natural beauty and an extensive acquaintance with English literature, whether prose or poetical. The book is a charming companion for the country, and is stored with cheerful pictures of the country for those who are shut up in town.

THE CHILDREN OF LUTETIA.*

It would not be easy to lay one's hand on two volumes more instructive and, on the whole, amusing, than these of Mr. Jerrold's on the poor and the working classes of Paris. People who “*do*” Paris are apt to “*do*” only its splendour, and come away without the least or any adequate idea of its poverty and squalor. This is natural enough. The tourist looks out for pleasure. Paris is to him just those noteworthy parts of it which have received the laudation of the tourist who has gone before him. These he sees, and in his way studies. But when he turns his back upon them he has, after all, only an imperfect idea of the city he has visited. This is enough for him. He goes to be pleased, to see certain “*lions*,” to divert his mind, to tread a beaten track, and be able to say that he has seen what others have seen. Thus he learns something of the Parisian Dives, but comes away totally ignorant of Lazarus, not dreaming, perhaps, that there is such a person there. Yet there is a Parisian Lazarus as well as a London one, and Mr. Jerrold has made him the special object of his study. His mode of life, his occupations, his sufferings, and the provision which charity makes to relieve them, form the topics of this book, in which there is an abundance of information on all these points for those who have the heart and brains to feel anxious as to how one-half their fellow-creatures live. But there is a special interest in Mr. Jerrold's work. It enables us not only to visit with him those outskirts of Paris in which the children of Lazarus live wild as rabbits in a warren, but to investigate and compare with our own the system by which charity is administered amongst our neighbours. He enables us to test how far the difficulties we have had to deal with are due to the errors of our system, or to the ineradicable tendencies of the administration of alms; and it is with a feeling of relief we find that one of the most discouraging features which have met us at home presents itself also in Paris. It is strange

* A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. By Robert Aris Willmott, some time Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks; Author of “*Jeremy Taylor, a Biography*,” “*Pleasures of Literature*,” &c. Fourth Edition. With Introductory Memoir by his Sister. London: John Russell Smith.

* The Children of Lutetia. By Blanchard Jerrold. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

that it should be so, but perhaps there is no mode in which it is nobler to expend money than in succouring the poor, or one more disappointing in its results. Mr. Jerrold gives many proofs that the very activity of charity in France, and the delicacy with which it is administered, so superior to our own rude and often brutal treatment of the poor, have not had a healthy influence on the people. The artisan, when work is plentiful and he is invited to work an additional loom, excuses himself, on the ground that when work is no longer plentiful he will be required to continue the extra task at a reduced wage. But the true reason is, that he is afraid of being removed from the list of people who are to be helped by charity. Again, the readiness with which relief is forthcoming encourages impostors, and creates a race of hereditary paupers, as it does amongst ourselves, diminishing public wealth by taking from the sum of labour. Yet, in spite of these evils, there is a vast mass of poverty to be dealt with in some way. The task is difficult, disappointing, but in some way or other, and at all hazards, it must be attempted. Mr. Jerrold gives us a glimpse of the character of Parisian poverty in a graphic passage:—

"There are horrible dens, where the rabbit-skin buyers dry their odoriferous merchandise by their own bedside. Where does the careless visitor think these saltimbanques, these fantoccini directors, these merchants of the four seasons, these proprietors of estaminets for damp feet (curious establishments, to be described presently), these Savoyards, and rag-pickers, and licensed beggars, put a slate (to quote Chatterton) between themselves and the thunder-cloud? Whither will the dregs of the coffee, the broken victuals, the sweepings of splendid staircases—indeed, all the wrecks of to-day's luxury of the English quarter—be carried, before the lords of this English quarter are awake to-morrow? Stealthy men glide about the boulevard cafés late at night, picking up ends of cigars. If there were no abodes of misery in this great city, where would these men lie? The rag-pickers have their quarter, their drinking-shops, their balls, and their societies—not, the reader may be certain, near the splendours of the Rue de Rivoli. The organ-grinders and exhibitors of monkeys and other animals, have a roof in unknown Paris. The 70,000 people who are said to rise in Paris every morning not knowing how they will eat a crust of bread;—rise from bed, or straw, or plank—somewhere! Paris includes bands of pickpockets, of juvenile offenders, of lost women, of men steeped to the chin in misery and vice. These have their whereabouts and their habits. Mont St. Hilaire and the Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève have claims to rank with our Seven Dials or Minories—albeit boulevards have been driven past the drinking-cellars—where the rag-picker stupefies himself with a burning spirit he calls camphre, or pepper, or casse-poitrine. Behind the glittering boulevards are hordes of human creatures who live by the strangest industries. Necessity—the mother of invention—has been fertile in expedients in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. There is the maggot-breeder for the fishermen of the Seine; the money-lender who charges cent. per cent. by lending from sunrise to sunset; the poor reveilleuse, who goes from house to house, through the winter nights, to waken sleepers who must be at the markets; and there is the 'guardian angel,' whose business consists in seeing drunkards home from the wine-shops, at the rate of ten sous per drunkard! Behind all these quaint bread-winners, there are crowds of men and women, who depend on public or private charity."

If the administration of relief in Paris develops similar evils to our own, it must be admitted that in many respects the French system of administration is superior to ours. It is cheaper. The salaries of nearly one thousand paid officials do not exceed £58,000 yearly, and by the help of gratuitous services the expense of distributing alms appears to be no more than 5 per cent. of the Assistance Publique income. That income is not derived from taxes levied on people almost as poor as those who are to be relieved; nor are the poor locked up in workhouses. Out-door relief is the rule, and there is no form of suffering which has not the requisite help provided for it. But the grand distinguishing feature is the better spirit in which the relief is distributed. We cannot take the most cursory glance of Mr. Jerrold's book without seeing that here we have everything to learn from our neighbours; and happily we have made a beginning. The "Workhouse Visiting Society" is the first step, tentative and thus far successful, towards a kindlier mode of relief than we have now. It will take time before any very perceptible change can be effected, especially as this new agency has only a permissive existence. Much of the evil of our system arises from the massing together of large bodies of people in the workhouse, and this tells with fatal effect upon children, especially upon female children. What can the best master or matron do for them to watch and regulate their habits, and supply to them those home affections which fortune has denied them? The Assistance Publique gets over this difficulty as well as it can be got over. It distributes its foundlings and orphans over the country, where they grow up in the families who have charge of them, and by whom they come to be regarded as sons and daughters. Mr. Jerrold contrasts this with the English system:—

"The treatment of pauper children, in truth, must be looked at from so many points of view; it is a question so difficult to decide—to most people so uninviting, although dealing with creatures who have the most sacred claim on our protection—that our busiest social philosophers have not troubled themselves much on this head. When I think of the boy-barracks I saw in the winter of 1863 in London, where children were being treated for poverty only; and compare them with the picture of 20,000 homes, snug and happy, dotted all over France, in every one of which is a poor 'assisted' child from Paris, happy in the midst of adopted brothers and sisters, and father and mother; it does appear to me most monstrous that the people of London should go on spending tens of thousands on bricks and mortar

—squabbling as to the order of architecture that shall hold a roof over the children of Lazarus! England is the country where home is supposed to be the dominant social influence, and she has not yet tried this cheap and satisfactory manner of disposing of the young unfortunate. I cannot help insisting on this again and again, and still adding facts in support of the conclusions at which the directors of the Assistance Publique have arrived; more especially as a great body of social doctors meet annually, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, who may perhaps deign to bring the subject under the notice of the section to which it belongs. It is a question of drill under a Gothic roof with a number for a name; or a new home in a wayside cottage and free labour in the fields. If the thousands of children now lying in long model dormitories, with thermometers over their noses, and hot baths at hand; who are monitored out of their senses, and are allowed to see anybody who has the least affection for them just once a month; were asked whether they would prefer a turn-up bedstead in a country cottage, with the freedom of a home, and the affections thereof, which they have never known, how many would be left in any of these model establishments? Our neighbours have invented families for the destitute young, and we have invented—wood-chopping."

We have quoted this passage because it appears to us that it contains a great practical truth, which is felt by the society of English ladies who have directed their attention to the interests of the poor in the workhouse. Their first attempt has been to arrest pauperism by separating the children from the adults. This does not supply the family system, but the supervision of these ladies and those who act under them will, no doubt, do much to create a new spirit amongst parish children. We strongly urge on the "Workhouse Visiting Society" the advantage they would derive from a careful perusal of Mr. Jerrold's book. If they find much in it which could not be acclimatized in England, they will, we believe, find much more which might be easily transferred from French to English soil.

THE AGNEWS OF LOCHNAW.*

It would seem that of late there has been developed, on the part of the heads and representatives of noble families, a strong tendency to become the "trumpeters," if not of themselves, at least of their ancestors. We do not use the word in an offensive sense; for, with every respect for the utilitarian principle involved in Juvenal's question, *Stemmata quid faciunt?* we acknowledge that the good deeds and high position of a man's ancestors are very frequently, and always ought to be, a great spur and incentive to a man not to show himself degenerate; and such we presume to be the feeling which has set such men as Lord Lindsay and the Marquis of Kildare to compile and publish elaborate monographs of the houses of Crawford and Leinster respectively, and Lord Talbot de Malahide, as we hear it announced, to be at work on a similar history of the noble family of one branch of which he is certainly the head representative.

By departing from the dry and musty records of pedigrees, and intertwining with his work many chapters of contemporary anecdotes, traditions, and genealogical incidents relating to the chief ancient families within the "Sheriffdom of Galloway"—a term which means in English the counties of Wigton and Kirkcudbright—Sir A. Agnew has contrived to put together a most readable and agreeable volume, and one which, we venture to think, will be perused with pleasure on both sides of the Tweed and Solway Frith. He has been materially assisted in this respect by the comparative ease with which he obtained access to the charter-chests of very many of the old "County Families," who had turned a deaf ear to the requests of such local antiquaries of a bygone day as Chalmers, Todd, and Playfair. It should be added that Sir Andrew has not been backward to avail himself of the contents of the strong box belonging to his own ancestors at Lochnaw, and which, we fancy, had not seen the light of day for many a long year till now, though it contained an endless series of, to use his own words, "sasines, infeftments, summonses, discharges, letters of homing, inhibitions, informations, bonds, precepts of clare constat, marriage contracts, reliefs, wills, tacks, commissions, rentals, acts of Parliament, processes, memoranda, charters under the great seal, charters from bishops, abbots, and commendators, memoranda, and all sorts of papers connected with the proceedings of the Sheriffs' Courts," over which the Agnews, we should here say, held jurisdiction as hereditary sheriffs from an early date down to the abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1747.

The Agnews, or, as they formerly spelt their name, the D'Agneaus, are of Norman extraction, and are sprung from a stock which were numerous and influential in France from the ninth to the sixteenth century. Their cradle was the country round Caen, in Normandy, and the original spelling of their name seems to be vouched for by their heraldic bearings—three holy "lambs" on an azure shield—though the military spirit of a member of the house led him, with questionable taste, to substitute for the lambs "an orle of martlets," which were bestowed as signs of good services done either against the infidels or in adventures on flood and field. The family appear to have distinguished themselves in various ways: one took to alchemy, and wasted a patrimony in a chivalrous effort to find the philosopher's stone; two others, who lived in the sixteenth century, were accomplished classical scholars, and are said to have been the first

* The Agnews of Lochnaw: a History of the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway. By Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., M.P. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

Frenchmen who translated Virgil and Horace into their vernacular; a fourth, who died about seventy years back, combined the characters of a monk and a literary man; and a fifth rose in the Romish Church to the episcopal dignity, and died Archbishop of Ravenna, having written (says Sir Andrew) "a history of his see, a work considered of merit, and showing, for an ecclesiastic, much independence of thought, and especially characterized by the absence of any undue subservience to the sovereign pontiff."

Some of the Agnews came over to England with the Conqueror, and one of their descendants took part with the De Courcies, Talbots, and Fitzgeralds, in the conquest of Ireland under Henry II., and acquired in the division of spoils the lordship of Larne, in the province of Ulster, which now forms part of the county of Antrim. A cadet of the Lord of Larne, who had joined in the invasion of Scotland under Edward, obtained from David II. the keeping or constableness of the King's Castle of Lochnaw, which has remained from that day to the present time in the possession of the family. Gradually, as royalty put in neither claim nor appearance, it would seem that they came to regard as their own the broad lands of Lochnaw, and their influence eventually caused them to be invested with the semi-feudal titles of Heritable Constables and Sheriffs of Wigtonshire.

For the romantic account of the manner in which the Castle of Lochnaw was captured and blown up by the Earl of Douglas, because the Agnews refused to pay him black mail and to hold their lands under his cluster, we must refer our readers to the seventh chapter of the work itself. One immediate result of the siege was the return of the Agnews into Ulster, probably without any very definite hope of recovering their Scottish estates. The tide of fortune, however, was turned by the exiled laird, who found his way from Antrim to the Scottish coast, and, falling in love with the niece of the Princess Margaret (who herself was married to the son of the Black Douglas), had sufficient interest with royalty to get other lands granted to the Douglas in exchange for Lochnaw, where he rebuilt his dismantled castle in a style of grandeur commensurate with his own and his wife's rank, as shown by the ruins of its towers to the present day. To judge from our author's description, it must have been in its day a very strong place of defence, and also well calculated to keep in awe the turbulent inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Sir Andrew's biographical sketches of each of his twelve ancestors, who held the hereditary shrievalty of Galloway, from the above gentleman down to the end of the last Northern Rebellion, give us some photographs of Scottish life and character in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which, in point of spirit and fidelity, may compare with anything of the kind; and they are interspersed with a variety of illustrations of local manners and customs, which make the book in many places as amusing as an historical novel. Indeed, portions of the 6th, 13th, 19th, 23rd, 26th, and 28th chapters are as full of interest as any parts of the "Tales of my Grandfather;" while the elopement of the young Laird of Lochnaw with the Lass of Lochryan, and the attempted forcible abduction of Miss Vaus of Banbarrock, by the worthless M'Clery, read almost like passages from one of the Waverley novels.

The work contains a variety of incidental anecdote respecting the Kennedies, the Dalrymples, the Gordons, the Stewarts, the Adairs, the Maxwells, the Livingstones, the Hannays, the Rosses, the Macdowells, the Mures, the Dunbars, the Vans-Agnews, &c., which will be found of interest, not merely to the genealogist, but to the antiquary and historian; for books such as these are the flesh and sinews which clothe the bones of history, filling up their natural proportions, and investing them with the attributes of life and individuality.

As an instance of the way in which Sir Andrew has contrived to interweave local history with the genealogy of his family, we would more particularly direct our readers' attention to his remarks on the bridal of Lammernmoor, in the 24th chapter, where he shows clearly the amount of historic truth which underlies the tradition over which Sir Walter Scott has woven so skilfully the web of his exquisite fiction:—

"So wide," he writes, "has been the circulation of the 'Bride of Lammernmoor,' and so completely has the novelist contrived to localize the creation of his fancy, that few of his admirers will be inclined to believe us when we assure them that the true tradition is that the bridegroom stabbed the bride, and further, that the tragedy occurred at Baldoon many days after the marriage, and neither on the wedding night nor at the bride's father's residence. Moreover, the first Lady Stair was not 'notoriously harsh and hard,' but an excellent, witty, and accomplished woman, although she was doubtless that which Sir Walter much disliked, a most decided Presbyterian. Young Ravenswood, also, is quite unknown to Galloway tradition, which indignantly disowns 'Bucklaw' as a prototype of Dunbar, who was a brave and fascinating youth, whom, lastly, the fair maid married of her own free will, and clung to with devoted affection. . . . Sir Walter Scott, it must be owned, did not altogether originate the ill-natured story which this testimony from an Episcopal curate, had he read it, might have tempted him to disbelieve; but having adopted it, his skilful handling has thrown the halo of romance over a mere fiction, which party spirit made the means of a wanton attack on the rising house of Stair."

By publishing his "Agnews of Lochnaw," Sir Andrew has conferred a boon, not only on the literature of Scotland, but on that of the nation at large.

STRATHCAIRN.*

If anyone is suffering from too great an exhilaration of spirits, and requires to be toned down to the level of ordinary sensations, let him read "Strathcairn." The air of gloom which pervades the book from the title-page to the closing line cannot fail to tinge his ideas with a sombre hue, the characters to whom he is introduced will probably deepen the melancholy which the scenery around their home suggests, and the jokes in which the facetious members of its society indulge, may safely be counted on to extinguish any embers of mirth which might otherwise have remained smouldering within him. But it should be read at the proper time and place; not in the glare of midday, nor amidst the clatter of tongues, but in a dreary room, by one sitting alone, when the light begins to fail, and the wind shakes the pane, and the rain plashes against it. Then and there it may be recommended; under other circumstances, it might fail in producing the required effect.

The Earl of Strathcairn is a niggardly peer, who lets his shootings, and fleeces his Southron tenants. An English baronet, Sir John Balmain, takes his moors, and carries down a party of friends, including the inane man of letters who is supposed to tell the story, to spend the season at Strathcairn Castle. A portion of that building has been reserved for the use of the earl's daughter, the Lady Helen, a lovely but mysterious creature, whose description captivates the hearts of all the male visitors. For a time she remains hidden from their eyes, but at last the literary gentleman, in a happy interval of repose, has the felicity of seeing her go out for a ride at two o'clock in the morning. His discovery having been made public, the rest of the party are naturally thrown into a fever of curiosity, but the only person who is fortunate enough to satisfy his longing to see the "Lily of Strathcairn" is a Captain Gordon, a fascinating soldier, who has already carried off the heart of Miss Balmain, the unattainable object on which our unfortunate man of letters had desired to pin his affections. The captain meets the mysterious maiden one day while he is fishing, and she takes him through a lonely wood into a hidden chapel, and after a long interview leaves him in a state of astonishment bordering on imbecility. Several other meetings succeed the first, and he falls desperately in love with her, and she with him. "At one time" the captain tells his literary and amazed confidant "she would reproach me for coming no more to her wood; then she would tell me that I was beautiful, that she would follow me and obey me like a dog. She would laugh and run away from me one minute, and the next would come kneeling and fawning at my feet, and would take my hand and kiss it." A strange and sad thing indeed, as the narrator sensibly remarks. The explanation of the poor girl's conduct is that she is, if not crazy, at least eccentric, and of this her lover is perfectly aware, but he cannot bring himself to forget her. At length Sir John and his friends leave the castle, and Captain Gordon agrees to stay and board with its noble proprietor. The man of letters, who has already done grievous injury to his bedroom furniture by splashing it with ink, consents to keep the soldier company, and is accordingly obliged to put up with many ills. For the earl is so greedy of gain, and so invincibly parsimonious, that he nearly starves his lodgers to death while he charges them furiously. They groan, but they acquiesce, for love binds the captain's hands, and friendship those of the scribe. They catch the earl in the act of watering the sherry, and yet they allow him to take sixpence from them for every glass they drink. They discover that he rifles the hampers they order from town, and they submit to the operation with a silent grief. Nor is the captain without his reward, for after a time the earl allows Lady Helen to appear at table, and yields a tacit consent to the love-making which ensues. All goes well for a time, during which the literary man revolves all sorts of schemes for getting his friend out of what he considers a scrape, when a letter from Captain Gordon's father, declaring he will not give a fraction of a farthing to his son in case that young man should insist on marrying the mad Lord Strathcairn's crazy daughter, puts an end to the whole affair. The earl blazes out into fury, and compels his daughter to give up her lover, who rushes off to try and alter his father's determination. The man of letters remains behind, and witnesses the tragic termination of the poor Lily's life. She cannot bear the blow which has been inflicted upon her, and so one day she goes down to the spot by the water-side where she used to meet her lover, and throws herself into the lake. There the storyteller finds her, as he informs Sir John and his family, who, by a fine stroke of art, are brought in at the close of the tale, so as to make the beginning and the end symmetrical. The earl goes out of his mind, with the exception of that part of it which avarice possesses, and spends the last months of his life in picking up the cinders which fall from his grate, and carefully putting them back again. Captain Gordon goes to India, and our friend, the literary man, baulked of the object of his life, gives himself up to a resigned melancholy. The readers of "Strathcairn," as we have before remarked, will probably follow his example.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. No. V. (Chapman & Hall.)—The disappearance of Gaffer Hexam, with which the August number of *Our Mutual Friend* concluded, is sufficiently accounted for in the opening chapter for this month by the discovery of his body by Riderhood. The impressions of "Mr. Inspector" lead to the conclu-

* *Strathcairn.* By Charles Allston Collins, Author of "A Cruise upon Wheels." In two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

sion that the miserable man died by his own hand—not indeed intentionally, but by accident, and in a way rather too singular and elaborate for us to describe in a brief paragraph. We are treated to a much longer interview with our Mutual Friend this time than we have hitherto been permitted to enjoy. Rokesmith waits upon Boffin, yclept the Golden Dustman at the Bower, and, catching that worthy in the act of muddling his papers and brains at the same time, judiciously takes the task out of his hands, indites a letter to himself offering the secretaryship which he had previously solicited when he first attained the position which gives the title to the story, and accepts it to the satisfaction of Boffin and wife. As a highflyer at Fashion, the amiable Mrs. B. has succeeded in the contest against her husband's predilections for "Comfort," and it has been decided that they shall "go neck and crop for Fashion." The first step taken, with Rokesmith's assistance in furtherance of this design, is the purchase of "the eminently aristocratic mansion," near to which Wegg keeps his stall, soon to be given up for the guardianship of the Bower, with "coals and candles, and a pound a-week," and his salary as reader of the "Decline and Fall" going on, not forgetting the special arrangement, "that the dropping into poetry is friendly." Bella Wilfer is invited to the big house, at which the Veneerings, Twemlow, and Podsnap, *et hoc genus omne*, feel it incumbent upon them to leave "copper plates," either "requesting the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin's company to dinner with the utmost analytical solemnities," or "Mrs. Tapkins at home Wednesdays. Music. Portland Place." This new state of things, in the midst of which the Boffins find themselves, is styled "A Dismal Swamp," and in its description we have several of the shams of society exposed with a master hand. In a private interview which Rokesmith has with Miss Wilfer, and at which he falls deeper in love with her, to be treated, however, only with contemptuous pride, a little light is thrown upon each of their characters which, though it gives the reader a clearer knowledge of the lady, only deepens the mystery which surrounds "Our Mutual Friend." We leave Wegg poking about the dust-mounds in "Boffin's Bower," peering under the bedsteads and surveying the tops of presses and cupboards in a way that seems to suggest the probability that he expects to find something. The story is getting very complicated and curious. With this, the fifth number, the first book of Mr. Dickens's romance is brought to a close.

We have received from William Tegg, London, *Walker and Webster's combined Dictionary*, edited by John Longmuir, A.M., LL.D., formerly Lecturer in King's College, Aberdeen. In this edition the definitions by Webster are united with Walker's pronunciations, and many new words are introduced. An Appendix is likewise given, containing Walker's Key to the pronunciation of Scripture, Greek and Latin proper names, together with a geographical and mythological vocabulary.

From the Messrs. Longman we have Part V. of *Johnson's Dictionary*, by Dr. R. G. Latham. This part carries us to "Cheapness," a word forcibly impressed upon the mind after but a casual glance at the dictionary before us. It is clearly printed in several classes of type, making reference to its pages a pleasure, and it is withal a marvel of cheapness.

The Messrs. Chapman & Hall send us the current numbers of *Luttrell of Arran*, by Charles Lever, and *Can You Forgive Her?* by Anthony Trollope; and from J. Heaton & Son, of Paternoster-row, we have the 4th part of the *Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher*. The *Sessional Papers*, 1863-64, Part III., No. 5, of the Royal Institute of British Architects, have been received from J. H. & James Parker, 377, Strand. These papers contain a list of the members, contributions to the collection and library, proceedings at the ordinary and other general meetings, papers read, &c. The papers just published are "Some Observations upon Experiments on Artificial Stone;" and "On certain Early Romanesque Buildings in Switzerland and the neighbouring Countries," by Edward A. Freeman, hon. member.

THE MAGAZINES.

Blackwood this month has a very stinging article on the recent dispute between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman, in which the former is severely taken to task for his original observations out of which the discussion arose, and for his subsequent conduct with reference to his opponent. The article also contains a criticism on the "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," from which the writer of course dissents on theological grounds, while giving Dr. Newman every credit for earnestness of soul and honesty of nature. Against Mr. Kingsley the article is very bitter, and it is easy to see that his conduct in the Newman dispute is not the only offence of which he is held to be guilty, but that his Liberal views in politics have stirred up the wrath of Torydom. We gladly turn from this painful subject to a highly entertaining article on Indexes, Dictionaries, and Cyclopædias, which are grouped under the generic title of "The Alphabeticals." The subject is one about which much curious learning may be collected, but which has hitherto scarcely received the attention it deserves. The writer of the article in question has evidently looked up his facts with industry and discrimination, and, though his paper is long, it is interesting throughout. In No. III. of "Letters from the Principalities," we have a valuable, though far from unbiassed, account of Prince Couza's *coup d'état*, by which, in the earlier days of the present summer, he succeeded in augmenting his political power and crushing his opponents. The writer gives a very discouraging picture of Moldo-Wallachian society, and, indeed, it would be hard to say whether he regards the Prince or the people as the more disreputable. "The City of Gold" is an account of the Stock Exchange and other features of commercial and monetary London, which will be interesting to all men engaged in business and speculation.

Dr. Newman's "Apologia" is also the subject of a careful piece of analytical criticism in *Fraser*. The articles on the Report of the Public Schools Commission, and on "Diplomacy and Diplomatic

History," commenced last month, are continued; and Part II. of "The Parish Priest" describes the position, labours, and responsibilities of "the Priest in the Parish." The serial stories are duly carried on through the ordinary number of chapters; and the number concludes with a deeply interesting article by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, on "The Philosophy of the Poor Laws, and the Report of the Committee on Poor Relief"—a subject generally discussed by masculine writers, but which, since it involves so much that concerns the affections, the domesticities, and the sore needs of sorrowing human nature, is really peculiarly fitted for the gentler touch of feminine hands, and especially of an authoress so thoughtful, acute, and conscientious as Miss Cobbe.

Macmillan opens with a learned article by Professor Max Müller, "On the Language and Poetry of Schleswig-Holstein," very interesting at the present time, when the border-land of the Teuton and the Scandinavian has attracted so much attention and sympathetic regard. Professor Masson continues his critical account of Chalmers, whose middle life is here examined and described. Mr. Archibald Maclaren, of the Gymnasium, Oxford, furnishes some useful remarks on "Girls' Schools," the arrangement of which may well engage the attention of physical philosophers. Mr. William Barnes's Dorsetshire poem, "At the Door," is another of those interesting illustrations of the literature of South English provincialism with which the rev. author has enriched the language from time to time. "The Hillyars and the Burtons" and the "Son of the Soil" continue, and one or two light contributions, not demanding special notice, make up the number.

Besides "Margaret Denzil's History," "The Lovers of Ballyvookan," and "Wives and Daughters,"—all of them continuous stories, and therefore awaiting extended notice at our hands when they appear as separate works,—the *Cornhill* contains an article on Tottleben, the celebrated Russian engineer of the Crimea, and on the action of the French at the battle of the Alma—a paper which will doubtless attract the notice of military men, besides being interesting to the general reader. "The Ethics of Friendship" is an essay on a very interesting subject, on which the writer has many things to say which are worth considering. "Partridge Shooting" is well-timed in these early September days; and "German Professors" is a readable article on a singular race of men, who, whatever their faults of pedantry, have made a mark on the European mind. Altogether, however, the *Cornhill* this time hardly presents its usual variety.

The *Dublin University Magazine* prosecutes its researches into Irish folk lore, on which several papers have already appeared, followed this month by one on "Dæmonology," which contains much singular and entertaining gossip on a most fascinating topic. Signor Gallenga's work on the invasion of Denmark, recently reviewed in these columns, forms the subject of an exhaustive article. "Glimpses of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon Literature" is full of curious antiquarian research; while "Rabelais' Feast" and "A Triad of French Writers" are specially addressed to those who delight in the literature of our nearest, and yet in some respects our most distant, neighbours.

London Society contains, as usual, a great variety of articles. Amongst others, we have "Miss Middlesex on the Moors," which is a personal narrative of the adventures, misadventures, and mishaps of a young lady excursionist from London amidst the Highlands of Scotland—a not remarkably clever paper upon a very hacknied and almost worn-out theme! "My Cadet Life at Woolwich," in which is contained an amusing description of the first month's drill of a young raw recruit from the country, at the Woolwich Royal Military Academy, who at the end of that time resigns his cadetship in consequence of his suddenly coming into possession of large property by the death of a distant and forgotten relative; and two pretty poems called "On the Cliffs at Sea," and "The Spa at Scarborough." Besides these, there is a good and practically useful article about Archery; a "Tale of a Chivalrous Life," which is an interesting and very ably written memoir of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight *sans peur* and *sans reproche*, and also the continuation of "The Ordeal for Wives—a Story of London Life," and the concluding chapter of the "Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Horse." The number is profusely illustrated by Doyle, Gifford, Millais, Thomas, and other artists.

The principal article in the *Churchman's Family Magazine* is one on Dr. Stanley, forming No. V. of "Our Bishops and Deans." It appears to be a very fair estimate of the new Dean of Westminster, of whose high moral character and fine intellect the writer speaks enthusiastically, though at the same time he thinks that, together with much noble teaching, Dr. Stanley has sometimes wounded the Church which at other times he has faithfully served; "that the Divine Word, of which he is so faithful an expositor, is sometimes handled somewhat freely, and perhaps hardly reverently; that sincere and earnest teaching is sometimes alloyed by elements of human infirmity; that the very catholicity becomes latitudinarianism, and the very virtues at times lead to the side of excess and error." The critic entirely disapproves of the part taken by Dr. Stanley in the discussion on "Essays and Reviews;" but he speaks highly of his works of travel, and of many of his sermons, though adding that, as a preacher, his manner "is hardly equal to his matter," the voice being thin, weak, and monotonous, and the action deficient. A well-executed portrait of the Dean accompanies the paper. "Ladies' Work in a Country Parish" supplies some information on the condition of girls and young women in Union workhouses. Another paper, "On Hymns and Hymn-Books," explains "the principles on which a hymn-book should be constructed." "The Clever Woman of the Family" progresses; and a few essays of a light and pleasing kind diversify the number.

Good Words is full this month of the clerical element, both in its writers and in its subjects, though it is not without an alternation of secular matter. Dr. Guthrie describes "Sunday in Paris and French Protestantism," a paper from which we learn that a more solemn observance of the Sabbath is now gaining ground in France, and that Protestantism is steadily advancing in the large cities of that country. Dr. M'Leod, the editor, enlarges on the nature and duty of prayer. Dr. Vaughan discourses on the proper mode of religiously keeping Harvest Home; and an article by Mr. Isaac Taylor on the "Wheat

"Harvest and its Interpretation" treats the same seasonable subject from a point of view at once practical and devout. Mr. Philip Henry Gosse's "Year at the Shore—September," presents the reader with a charming collection of interesting facts and pretty pictures. Dean Alford continues his "Letters from Abroad," giving a picturesque account of Central Italy, which he illustrates with a sketch, taken by himself, of "the Great Convent of Assisi." "The Sense and Organ of Hearing in Different Animals," by the Rev. W. Houghton, is a paper of popular science, the explanations in which are rendered more clear by numerous diagrams. "From Saturday to Monday" is the title of A. K. H. B.'s essay; and Mr. J. M. Ludlow contributes a very interesting and important article on "English Work and English Workers, judged by French Working Men." This is a summary of the reports of the Paris and Lyons Working Men's Commissions charged with the duty of visiting and reporting on our Great Exhibition of 1862. The reports seem to have been most ably and very impartially written, and they show that in various departments of art, in which we were strikingly deficient in 1851, we have made an immense advance—in some cases even outstripping the French, on the admission of the French themselves.

Our *Own Fireside* is also composed principally of articles characterised by a religious tone; and *Christian Work* chronicles, in a variety of papers, the progress of missionary enterprise and the spread of Christian belief in divers parts of the globe.

Every Boy's Magazine we commend to young readers for its store of tales, scraps of history, riddles, gossip, and other agreeable matter.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE second edition—or impression, as the publisher terms it—of "Enoch Arden" has just been subscribed. The numbers called for on this second occasion by the trade will not be far short of 15,000 copies. Messrs. Simpkin & Co. take 1,600; Hamilton & Co. 1,300; Longman, 800; Mr. Mudie, 200; The Library Company, 100; Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 1,000, and many of the London booksellers 100 copies each. These figures will give to budding poets some idea of the pounds, shillings, and pence value of that poesy which has received the mint mark of public approbation. This second impression will be ready for delivery on the 10th inst.

The original quarto plays of Shakespeare, the first printed draughts of the bard's dramas, and of the highest literary interest from the fact of their having been originally published in his life-time, are about to be reproduced in *fac-simile* by photozincography. It is to be hoped, however, that they will present better specimens of the *fac-simile* art than the recently published first instalments of the "first folio." Mr. Halliwell, we understand, has for some years been labouring upon the early quarto Shakespeares, reproducing them with excessive care by the more slow process of lithographic *fac-simile* on old paper. The specimens we have seen are marvels of successful book-imitation. The false starts and bungs of the recent Tercentenary celebrations spoilt for a time the market for Shakespeareana. Ardent collectors and students looked upon the proceedings as a burlesque upon their labours, and when everybody expected a considerable demand and a ready sale for the books and tracts relating to the great dramatist, they had to suffer disappointment. People were so tired of the hubbub and clamour that they would not buy, and with the exception of a few cheap guides, we believe all the publications relating to Shakespeare, whether new editions of his works, commentaries, or picture-books, brought out at the time of the "Celebration," have proved miserable failures. Even old books, and carefully dilapidated portraits, were found to be drugs, and it was not until the Daniel sale that the spirits of Shakespeareana dealers began to revive.

The association, styling itself the European Academy of Fashion, which met at Dresden last month, for the purpose of establishing a school, to teach "the arts relating to dress," has, to use a colloquialism, "come to grief." The vote of 15,000 thalers, carried by the 200 members, for the purpose of founding a museum of costumes, to contain the coats, boots, hats, and crinolines of the present generation, is found to be impracticable, for scarcely more than a tithe of that sum has been handed in by the promoters of the movement. It was contemplated to issue books upon the art and history of dress, and a magazine was to have been issued, laying down the fashions for the civilized world.

We believe that most of our readers, who are in the habit of visiting the reading-room of the British Museum, will bear testimony with us to the recent improvement in the supply of books, and the better attention shown to readers by the attendants. What with the decrease in the number of Museum pests—juveniles cramming for school examinations, young men reading novels, idlers walking from desk to desk and turning over other people's books, or kindly assisting by stopping and examining with you the engraving opened out on your desk, and the comparative quickness with which books are now brought—Mr. Panizzi's great room was becoming a very pleasant place for literary reference, but very recently a change was introduced which for several days has caused our books to linger, and a general sulkiness to rest upon the countenances of the working staff. Many of the Museum attendants have been booksellers' assistants, others clerks in merchants' offices. These men have generally been used to the old-fashioned dinner-hour—the hour of the carpenter and the mechanic, and not the "snack" of the banker's clerk, who goes home to dine. It has pleased the authorities to do away with this hour, when the assistant usually went out, and in its place to give half-an-hour's respite from official duties, which is to be passed in the building. We make no reflections upon the authorities for so ordering; they doubtless have their reasons. We simply give the fact that the library arrangements were in admirable working order previous to the new regulation, and that now a very general feeling of dissatisfaction is expressed by the assistants, which manifests itself occasionally to the readers' discomfort. The new regulation will come into operation on the 5th inst.

Speaking of the British Museum, we must mention another little matter connected with its administration. It appears that a young man, named Frederick Gemmer, recently received the appointment of assistant in the manuscript department, under the control of Mr. Frederick Madden, after passing a very searching examination before the authorities of Dean's Yard. The young man received an unqualified certificate as to his knowledge and ability, and was especially complimented by the examiners for his intellectual acquisitions. Upon arriving at his post a feeling of dissatisfaction was expressed with him by those in authority, on account of his non-proficiency in paleography, Norman French, and those professional accomplishments which can only be gained by many years' study in a congenial atmosphere. He was subjected to such treatment that only one course remained open to him, that of resigning. In the statement which he has forwarded to the trustees, we learn that his first tasks were upon charters scarcely less decipherable than hieroglyphics; his fellow-assistants were not permitted to aid him in the least, and it soon became evident that his difficulties, as a young beginner, would be increased instead of lightened. Under these circumstances he tendered his resignation, and his case is now before the official trustees. The young man offered to take any other position, but the head keeper continued his reiterated answer—"Either you resign, Mr. Gemmer, or I do." We should not have mentioned such a matter in our Gossip, but this is not the first or second time that a similar piece of absurdity has arisen in the management of the Museum, and we now hope the authorities will prevent a repetition.

The first volume of the Emperor Napoleon's long-expected "Life of Caesar" is announced positively to appear in November or December next. The second volume will appear a month or six weeks after the first, and the concluding volumes will then appear at short intervals.

Many paragraphs have recently been going the round of the newspapers confuting or affirming the statement originally made in the *Western Morning News*, that Poe was not the author but simply the translator from the Persian of the celebrated poem of "The Raven." We believe that evidences of a very convincing character will shortly arrive from the United States proving that poor Edgar Poe wrote every line of the poem in question. It is acknowledged by the poet's friends that he was smitten with the wild and strange beauty of some of the old Eastern poems, and that he was never tired of perusing them; but he most certainly never copied what he had thus read. His imagination was too fertile to render this at all necessary. The only difficulty with him was the effort, apparently, of fixing his attention for a short time upon a definite task or labour. A morning paper now publishes a fantastic poem, "THE FIRE FIEND, a Nightmare," written by the poet whilst experimenting towards the production of his more famous "Raven." The poem extends to ten verses of six lines each, and has something of the metre and weird thought observable in the disputed production. It is said that Poe considered "The Fire Fiend" incomplete, and that he threw it aside in disgust. Mr. McCready, who forwards the poem, adds further, that the poet, some months afterwards, finding it amongst his papers sent it in a letter to a friend labelled facetiously, "To be read by firelight at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum." Poe's mother-in-law assured a friend respecting "The Raven" that he had the idea in his mind for some years, and used frequently to repeat verses of it to her and ask her opinion of them, frequently making alterations and improvements, according to the mood he chanced to be in at the time.

It is said that M. Thiers has determined to publish a pamphlet, in which he will refute all the arguments contained in M. de Persigny's recent speech—which reflected upon the political character of the former—and endeavour to upset his theory of government.

A monument to the memory of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, is being erected in Helpstone churchyard. Complete editions of his poetical works, including many unpublished poems, are announced by two publishing houses.

Six volumes of the *Quiver* having been completed, the proprietors will, on the 21st September, commence a new series, which will be illustrated with engravings of "high artistic merit."

The principal announcements that are being made of new books for the approaching season are those of Messrs. DAY & SONS, the Queen's lithographers. They have at present in active preparation Owen Jones's famous "Grammar of Ornament," a new and "universal edition," in fortnightly parts, at a low price. The entire book will be reproduced for artificers and designers at about one-fourth of the original price; "The Cromlech of Howth, with Notes on Celtic Ornamental Art, and Illustrations and Illuminations," by Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., M.R.S.A.; "The Camel; its Anatomy, Proportions, and Paces," by Elijah Walton—this will contain about 100 large plates, many coloured; "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Lord Byron, illuminated by W. & G. Audsley, architects, with two large pictures in colours; "The History of Joseph and his Brethren, from Genesis, chapters xxxvii. to i.," illuminated by Owen Jones and Henry Warren; "Anatomy for Artists," by John Marshall, F.R.S.—this work will consist of 224 pages, with nearly 200 original illustrations drawn on wood by Mr. J. S. Cuthbert; "The Twelve Months, Illustrated and Illuminated, with a Calendar for All Years (or a Perpetual Calendar)," by Walter Severn.

The Naples Society for the Promotion of Science, Literature, and Art, some time ago offered a prize for a good drama, which has now been awarded to Alfredo Morgini, for an historical drama, entitled "I Francesi a Firenze."

The journal of Captain Semmes, commander of the *Alabama*, will shortly be published at Dentu's, in Paris, in the shape of a work to be entitled "Croisières de l'Alabama et du Sumter."

The Académie du Gard have just offered a prize of a gold medal, value 300f., for the best essay on the subject of "Le Canal Saint Louis et le Port de bas Rhin."

The French publisher, Gosselin, has just published a work containing the biographies of all the present members of the Corps Législatif.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alaine (J.) and his Contemporaries, by C. Stanford. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Baedeker's Manual of Conversation in Four Languages. New edit. 16mo., 3s.
 Bell's English Poets. New edit. Dryden, Vol. I. Fcap., 1s.
 Bonomi (J.) and Sharpe (S.), the Sarcophagus of Oimonephthah I. described. 4to., 15s.
 Bradshaw's Illustrated Guide to Paris. New edit. Imp. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
 Brice (N.), Romanized Hindustani and English Dictionary. New edit. 12mo., 8s.
 Caesar's Commentaries. Edited by A. K. Labister. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Coghlan (F.), Guide to North Wales. New edit. 13mo., 1s. 6d.
 Contanceau (L.), French and English Dictionary. 2 parts. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d. each.
 Convers Lea, by Cyril Thornton. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Dana (J. D.), Manual of Mineralogy. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Davys (Bp.), History of England. 14th edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Eliza Woodson. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Examination Questions for Engineers, Officers, and Students. 8vo., 1s.
 Farnham (E. W.), Woman and her Era. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Fellows (R.), Religion of the Universe. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Foe (The) in the Hearth. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Gentle Life (The). 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Goulburn (Rev. E. M.), The Idle Word. 3rd edit. Fcap., 3s.
 Office of the Holy Communion. New edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Grandineau (F.), Le Petit Précepteur. New edit. 16mo., 3s.
 Guthrie (Dr. T.), Speaking to the Heart. Pocket edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Hawthorne (N.), Pansie. Fcap., 6d.
 Kirk (Rev. J.), The Mother of the Wesleys. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Macnab (Rev. D.), Discourses. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Mechi (J. J.), How to Farm Profitably. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Newman (F. W.), The Text of the Iguvine Inscriptions. 8vo., 2s.
 Old Helmet (The), by the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Railway Library. Whom to Marry, by the Brothers Mayhew. Fcap., 1s.
 Robertson (J. B.), Lectures on Modern History and Biography. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Robson, a Sketch, by G. A. Sala. Fcap., 6d.
 Select Library of Fiction.—Mrs. Mathews, by Mrs. Trollope. Fcap., 2s.
 Shakespeare, edited by Rev. A. Dyce. 2nd edit. Vol. IV. 8vo., 10s.
 Smith (Rev. J. G.), Life of Our Blessed Saviour. Imp. 16mo., 2s.
 Star of the South. Fcap., 2s.
 Swanb (S. L.), Fibrous Substances: their Nature, &c. 8vo., 2s.
 Tennison (A.), Enoch Arden, &c. 2nd edit. Fcap., 6s.
 Traill (R. T.), The True Temperance Platform. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Van Laun (H.), French Grammar. Part III., Exercises. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Velasquez (M.), Spanish and English Dictionary. New edit. 12mo., 9s. 6d.
 Von Trolitsch (A.), The Diseases of the Ear. 8vo., 9s.
 Walker's & Webster's English Dictionaries combined. Edited by R. & J. Longmuir. 8vo., 5s.
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The profits for the year 1863, arising from the mines and other sources of revenue, have been at least £75,000, estimating three unsold cargoes at 18s. 6d. per unit. The ores have been sold in England by Messrs. Frederick Huth & Co., of London and Liverpool, whose accounts may be seen at the offices of the Company.

It thus appears that the net profits to the company may be estimated at upwards of 20 per cent. per annum, with a prospect of increase as the mines become further developed.

The Company will be entitled to possession of the Descubridora Mine as from the 1st day of January, 1864, and of the San Pedro Mine, and of the trade and premises at the port of Chanaral, as from the 1st day of April, 1864. Interest at the rate of £10 per cent. per annum on £45,000, part of the purchase money of Descubridora, and at 5 per cent. per annum on the remainder of the purchase moneys, will be payable to the vendors from the dates of possession, until full payment of the purchase moneys.

Two cargoes of ore containing about 1,000 tons have already arrived to the account of the company, and another cargo is on the way. Sampson Waters, Esq., the principal proprietor of the property, who has resided upwards of 20 years in Chili, and who has been actively interested in the working of the mines, from their commencement, William Müller, Esq., the other proprietor, who has also resided in Chili, and Thomas Garland, Esq., of Redruth, who has long been conversant with the working of copper-mines in Cornwall, have consented to join the board, and to render their best assistance in conducting its affairs.

A copy of the memorandum and articles of association can be inspected at the offices of the Company, and of the solicitors.

Detailed prospectuses and forms of application for shares can be obtained at the offices of the Company; of the bankers and brokers to the Company: and of the solicitors.

CRAMER & Co.

(LIMITED),


Let on Hire the following Pianofortes for **THREE YEARS**, after which, and **WITHOUT ANY FARTHER PAYMENT WHATEVER**, the Instrument becomes the property of the Hirer:—

28 GUINEA PIANETTE, in	}	10 Guineas per annum.
Rosewood or Walnut - - -		

40 GUINEA DRAWING-ROOM MODEL COTTAGE, Rosewood or Walnut - - - - -	}	15 Guineas per annum.

60 GUINEA SEMI-OBLIQUE,	}	20 Guineas per annum.
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Every Instrument is warranted of the **VERY BEST MANUFACTURE**, inferior Pianofortes being entirely excluded from the stock.

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